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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Pro-Slavery.

HOW TO MAKE KANSAS A SLAVE STATE.

LETTER OF SENATOR BROWN, OF MISSISSIPPI.

STEAMER EMPRESS, Nov. 24, 1854.

Long and anxious reflection has satisfied me that the Southern people owe it to their own safety to use all the means in their power to introduce slavery into Kansas, and protect it after it gets there. The Northern Free Soil Emigration Aid Societies are actively at work to exclude slavery from the Territory. Their efforts ought to be met and promptly repelled. The most efficient means for us to use in the accomplishment of this purpose is the proper question for our consideration. Our decision must not be long delayed, if we mean to defend our rights.

The late movement in Georgia in favour of individual subscriptions to raise money in aid of pro-slavery emigration to Kansas, has already attracted considerable attention. But the backwardness with which our people approach that proposition seems to indicate that it will not be embraced with unanimity. Every slaveholder has a direct interest in the question, and every one should contribute in proportion to his interest. This, I am satisfied, all, or nearly all, would willingly do, if proper guarantees were given that the money so contributed was to be judiciously applied. To secure this, and at the same time to obtain speedy and decisive action, will it not be well for the Legislature to take the matter in hand? A tax of one dollar per head on slaves would raise at once three hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. In such an emergency the people would not grumble if it were assessed in March and collected in May. This sum, judiciously laid out, would buy at least three hundred slaves, and leave a surplus sufficient to defray the expenses of three hundred emigrants to Kansas.

My plan would be thus: for each State to purchase the slaves in her own name, and send them in charge of reliable persons into the Territory, to be held there as the property of the State, and used for the benefit of the persons having them in charge. Mississippi is certainly part owner of the Territory, and the power that could rightfully confiscate or expel her property from the Territory would have to be something greater than an equal—I think greater than those of an individual. The point gained by this movement would, as I think, be to plant slavery in the Territory, backed by the sovereignty of the State, and thus place it upon the most solid and certain basis.

The persons going out in charge of the slaves could be chosen by commissioners, to be appointed for each county by the Governor, and these commissioners could also purchase the slaves.

A young Mississippian, thus made the master of a slave by his State, and sent, free of charge, to such a Territory as Kansas, would do the necessary voting, and, if needs be, the fighting also, required to sustain the acts of his State in the Territory.

In short, my proposition is for the State to colonize three hundred slaves, and appoint three hundred of her young men to defend them with ballots, and, if necessary, with bullets. To do this will cost one dollar a head on every slave in the State, and no more. If all the slave States will follow the example, in twelve months we would have a slave colony in Kansas that all the Abolitionists in the Union could not expel.

If you think well of this proposition, put it in such a form as will arrest the attention of the Legislature.

It will not do to rely on individual enterprise. The interest involved is too great to be left to such uncertain defences. The persons interested are too numerous and too widely scattered, even, to act in sufficient concert to procure the best and speediest results. A. G. Brown.

SYNONYMOUS TERMS.

Abolition and Disunion are synonymous terms. We can prove it. We can prove it by showing, as we have a hundred times shown, that the enforcement of the doctrine which refuses admission to a State for no other reason than that its Constitution tolerates slavery will produce immediate and incurable disruption. But we need not rely upon this kind of proof. We have better; or that which is, perhaps, more palpable—more convincing—more to the point—that which will convict when the other might not. We have confession of the fact—testimony that can be neither impeached nor rebutted. The *National Anti-Slavery Standard* boldly acknowledges the traitorous designs of Abolitionism:

"We are sometimes asked what *we disunionists* expect to do. We will answer—we have always expected to do just what we have done. We have made it plain to all slaveholders and to all non-slaveholders, who are not eager to shut their eyes to the fact, that slavery and the Union are one and indivisible. Whatever word is uttered in earnest against slavery, is a counterspell against the charm by which it holds its life; every blow aimed at the remotest extremity of the body politic of slavery *strikes straight at the common heart of the nation*, which sends the life blood to feed the polypus that is consuming it as well as the organisms of health and strength. Instinct is a great matter, and it has told the friends of slavery the truth. The Union has now become another word for slavery, and *disunion and anti-slavery are perfectly synonymous terms in the mouths of the pro-slavery world.* When men vapour about the Union and the Constitution, and pledge themselves to maintain them intact, everybody, that is not a fool, knows that it is an engagement to maintain those clauses and compromises which make the North the bondmaid of the South. Now, this is no small thing that we have done. We have made it clear that there is no such thing as serving two masters—that Christ and Belial are at natural and eternal antagonism—and that the followers of Belial, at least, understand perfectly well that whoever gathereth not with them, scattereth abroad. *Politicians who are at all infected with anti-slavery cannot avoid the brand of disunionism, let them resist it ever so much;* they will do well to consider whether there is any other strong ground for them to take up, if they really wish their blows should tell."

There! Is not this frank, open, candid? The great mass of abolition papers seek to conceal what is here proclaimed with emphasis so distinct. But the *Standard* has ceased to fight under false colours. "It is sometimes asked," it says, "what *we disunionists* expect to do." They expect to dissolve the Union. That is their single aim; and "*politicians who are at all infected with anti-slavery cannot avoid the brand of disunion, let them resist ever so much.*" And the *Standard* suggests whether disunion is not really the strongest ground for the anti-slavery party in all quarters to stand upon.

Whatever may be now thought of the suggestion by those who are called upon to consider it, it is plain that to that complexion the whole anti-slavery party is rapidly tending. Disunion will soon be its recognised platform, as it is now its inevitable purpose. The Constitution and abolition are utterly hostile. The one cannot stand and the other prevail. The one protects the separate rights of the States, the other assails them. Abolition can only rise upon the ruins of the Constitution and the Union. The *National Anti-Slavery Standard* sees this, knows it, asserts it.—*Detroit Free Press.*

CLERICAL AND ITINERANT SLAVERY LECTURERS.

A correspondent of a New England journal rightly estimates the exertions of certain labourers in the field of anti-slavery enterprise:

"The favourite theme of the Congregational clergy of New England is *anti-slavery.* It has been a prominent subject of debate in their consociations and assemblies for more than twenty years! What is very remarkable, although these learned bodies have debated the subject for so long a period, they have never yet brought forward *any plan of emancipation whatever!* They have debated, debated, agitated, and agitated, year after year, but we hear of no plan for consideration. The fair inference is, they have been actuated by a fondness for *agitation* rather than any *real philanthropy* for the coloured race. Now, let us ask ourselves the question, if the learned clergy, in their concentrated wisdom, and after so much toil and labour, have brought forth nothing, what have we to expect from hireling anti-slavery lecturers, who perambulate the country preaching disunion and scattering the seeds of discord wherever they go? What vast numbers of people have they beguiled into unjust judgement? How many have they led into the great wickedness of condemning their Southern brethren unheard? Have we not had enough of these *ex parte* harangues, from the pulpit and the lecture-room. Is the uproar of anti-slavery to go on for twenty years to come? Let us come to the point with those agitators: what is your plan? We have had speeches enough—what is your plan? the plan—the plan!"

As with these New England parsons and itinerant lecturers, so it is with the whole body of anti-slavery agitators. They preach abolition continually, but do not tell us how abolition can be practiced. They are overflowing with that philanthropy which expends itself in words, but are silent when the question of ways and means is suggested. Viewing the subject in a practical light, is not the foregoing writer quite reasonable in suggesting that it is high time some *plan* of abolition had been produced? There is nothing like a *plan* when one has work before him.—*Ibid.*

Selections.

HOLDING THE TRUTH IN UNRIGHTEOUSNESS.

The correctness of a man's creed will not avail to save him if no reforming influence is exerted by it upon his life. He may believe in one God, and so far he does well; but the devils also believe in one God; and his faith, if it be not accompanied with corresponding acts, is no better than theirs. He may believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, after the pattern of the most orthodox formula; but if he have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his. He may profess to love God, as the universal Father and supreme Ruler, and man, as his equal brother; but if he withhold from God the cheerful obedience which is his due, and if he fail to render to other men the fraternal offices which, if he were placed in their circumstances and they in his, he might reasonably desire at their hands, his professions are vain. Paul says, in relation to the character of such men, "They profess that they know God; but in works they deny him, being abominable, and disobedient, and unto every good work reprobate." And of their condition he declares, "The wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men, who hold the truth in unrighteousness."

It is to be feared that this language is applicable to many who bear the Christian name—to a very large proportion, in fact, of those who are embraced in the American churches. We do not refer to the intense spirit of worldliness with which these churches are pervaded—to the pursuit of worldly gain, and of worldly pomp and pleasure, in which many of their members engage as eagerly and unscrupulously as others who make no pretensions to piety. We do not dwell upon the lamentable fact that a great majority, probably, of those who profess to be servants of God and disciples of Jesus Christ have a higher regard for, and are actually influenced more by, the maxims of worldly prudence than they are by the teachings of heavenly wisdom. We do not insist, as we might, that the distinction between them and the reputable and comparatively moral class of unbelievers with whom they are accustomed to associate is not founded upon any apparent difference, but is one merely of name and profession. These things might, doubtless, with great propriety be made matter of earnest and affectionate admonition. But we have in mind a more glaring disobedience—a more flagrant unrighteousness—in the general and habitual practice of which, the American churches are holding the truth that condemns it.

These churches have in possession the instructions of Christ, whom they profess to reverence as a Divine Teacher. They have his declaration that the two great commands, in which all others are included, are those which require men to love God supremely and their neighbour as themselves. In the parable of the Jew who fell among thieves, and was relieved by a Samaritan, they have his definition of the term neighbour, as comprehending all men; and, in the Sermon on the Mount, he has taught them, as the appropriate manifestation of love to all men, and as the fulfilment of all righteousness enjoined in the law and the prophets, to do to others as they would have others do to them. They hold the truth, and that truth clearly and unmistakably indicates the way of righteousness; but, do they walk in that way? Let us see.

In this country, we behold, on the one hand, not merely one man, but a population of between three and four millions of men, women and children, who have fallen among thieves—man-stealers. They have been violently seized and bound; they have been ruthlessly despoiled of all their possessions; many of them have been cruelly beaten and wounded; and all of them are held as marketable commodities—merchandise—property! On the other hand, we see the churches, embracing a membership of several millions of the professed disciples of Christ. These millions are invested with all the rights and franchises of citizenship; and they are connected, in domestic and social relations, with other millions, who possess the same rights and franchises, and over whom they are able to exert a very powerful influence. Both the National and the State Governments are of a popular character. The legislative, the executive and even the judiciary departments are, and of necessity must be, what the people make them; and the millions of church members, and the other millions who may reasonably be expected to act with them in seeking any desirable reform, constitute a large and very influential portion of the people. It is not too much to say that, if all who are in the American churches, and who claim to be disciples of Christ, would lift up their voices in earnest condemnation of the sin of American slavery, and use their utmost power and influence to effect its abolition, the time would speedily come when liberty should be proclaimed throughout all the land, to all the inhabitants thereof. Can they do less than this, without incurring the charge of "holding the truth in unrighteousness"? Can the language of the one Master whom alone they acknowledge, "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them," be so interpreted as to require less? If the relative positions of the slaves and the church members were the reverse of what they are—if those who are now the slaves were invested with the rights and franchises of the church members, and if those who are now the church members were enslaved—what would the latter desire that the former should do for them? That desire, whatever it might with propriety be, is the measure of their present duty—a duty which they may not neglect without the guilt of "holding the truth in unrighteousness." It is because this duty is neglected that American slavery is perpetuated. It continues to exist, and its domain is extended, and its power is augmented, from year to year, because the American churches are, on the whole, and with some rare exceptions, willing that it should be so. A few despised Samaritans, who have been driven out from the churches, or who are likely to be, bear testimony against the gigantic wrong, and are doing what they can to relieve its victims. But the priest and the levite, as of old, together with the great ecclesiastical and other religious organizations that acknowledge their leadership, pass by on the other side.—*American Baptist.*

THE "SOCIAL POSITION OF THE NEGRO."

To the Editor of The Hartford Republican:

The following communication was written, not long since, by a temporary resident of the Eastern Shore, Maryland, and native of Fairfield County, who came North recently to snuff the free Northern air, and to "brace up his principles," but who, before he went there, some years ago, was anything but a Free Soiler. D.

"There can be no question that the social position of the coloured race is worse here than it is in the South. They are less respected here than there."—*From an Editorial of the Methodist Christian Advocate and Journal, of Aug.* 30, 1855.

That such an assertion should be made by one who claims to be an honest man and sincere Christian, in full defiance of notorious facts, presents one of the saddest commentaries on the weakness of poor human nature, when some favourite theory, through interested motives, is to be advanced or obstinately maintained. "There can be no question" among intelligent men that the editor of the *Advocate*, in the above extract, has either ignorantly or knowingly uttered one of the greatest of falsities. "The social condition of the coloured population of the South!!" with about equal propriety might this veracious editor talk of the "social position" of horses and cattle!! There is no social position for the coloured population of the South, and the editor of the *Advocate* knows this, if he knows anything on the subject worth knowing. The coloured race at the South are denied by law the privileges of education. They can neither read nor write. The free negroes of the North are not debarred from knowledge, nor are freemen punished by fine and imprisonment for instructing them, as they are universally in the slave States. Now, none will deny, save, perhaps, the sagacious editor, whose false proposition *we* utterly deny, that education tends invariably to advance "the social position" of him who possesses it. Mr. Bond may possibly deny this incontestible truth, but no other man who is honest will. Of the negroes who were born in the free States, there is but a small proportion who cannot read or write, while at the South the contrary is true, that they are almost universally ignorant of letters. In the light of this great fact, what becomes of your infernal dogma of "the social position," thou unchristian apologist of American Slavery!! At the South, the negro is not allowed to testify against the white man, however great and monstrous his crime. In this respect the laws of the free States place both races on the level of perfect equality. And generally, with few exceptions, the laws of Northern States view the two races as equal under their administration. Has this legal equality no tendency to elevate "the social position" of the blacks in the North? Eh! Mr. Bond, does it not? Is it not counteracting powerfully the Northern prejudice against colour? There is no use in denying it; the truth is too obvious. I suspect the Dr. has no very just ideas of what constitutes a "social position." The coloured population of the South occupy rather a *menial* position than possess any "social" position at all. They are serfs, slaves and drudges. The haughty Southron has no respect for them—he views them altogether in the light of *pecuniary* value. At the South, a coloured person is not allowed to sit in the parlour with whites, nor to walk with them except in the rear, nor to sit at the same table which a Benefactor hath provided. At the North, the two races meet on terms of greater equality, most assuredly, and, consequently, the coloured population here occupy a higher position than in the slave States. How would you esteem your social position, Doctor, if you were owned by another, and liable, at any moment, to be sold to traffickers in human flesh—and torn from wife and family, whom you never would see again—and sent to perform unrequited toil in the far distant cotton and rice fields of an unhealthy and life-destroying climate? When you speak of the coloured population of the South—I mean slaves, because the vast majority consists of them—how much "respect," think you, does he feel for a "nigger" who claims ownership and sends to the auctioneer's stand to be struck off to the highest bidder? I regret, Mr. Editor, to waste so much time upon so obvious a fact—the vastly superior social position of the free blacks of the North; but I thought that so arrogant and unfounded assertion as that of Dr. Bond ought not to pass unrebuked and uncontradicted. I have lived at the South and at the North, and your readers may rely upon my statements as those of One Who Knows.

LETTER FROM CASSIUS M. CLAY.

Louisville, Ky., Dec. 15, 1855.

Hon. A. P. Stone—*Dear Sir:* Your favour of the 14th is received. Accept my thanks for your favourable consideration in asking the opinions of one so humble as myself. The Republicans of the slave States, though few in number, are no new party. Faithful among the faithless, proof against the seductions of office and the threatenings of power, we stand firm upon the platform of our fathers of '76, in the world-wide spirit of the Declaration. We hold, with Jefferson and his distinguished cotemporaries, that slavery is an anomaly in a Republic, and against the law of God and man's highest instincts of right—that justice is always the highest expediency—that liberty and slavery cannot coëxist—but that one or the other must die. Whilst on the one hand we base ourselves upon those central ideas which we inherited as our birthright as true republicans, we do not forget that without law there can be no true freedom or progress. We have, therefore, studiously regarded the high obligations of the State and Federal Constitutions, and willingly subjected ourselves to their supremacy, even when perverted by mercenary majorities from their true spirit. We regard them as sufficiently anti-slavery for all practical purposes—as found in their own language to establish liberty and justice—that liberty is national and slavery sectional, in elaboration of which idea I refer you to the late letter of the venerable F. P. Blair, the distinguished friend and confidential adviser of Andrew Jackson. We are neither the advocates of centralization nor disunion, but the friends of National and State rights in the ample spheres of progress and reform with which the wisdom of our fathers compassed both. We therefore believe it to be our bounden duty, as good men and true republicans, to oppose nationally the existence of slavery, under any pretence whatever, in places of exclusive national domain, by sea and land, and to bring the moral and political influence of the national government permanently, and firmly, and avowedly on the side of liberty, as it has heretofore been arrayed on the side of slavery. And as the friends of liberty have acquiesced, without revolutionary resistance, in the rule of slavery, so we demand that the slavery propaganda shall acquiesce in the new rule of liberty and law, and they shall be justly branded as traitors to both North and South who counsel or act in violation of this only possibility of popular government.

Now, sir, there are many in the slave States ready to act openly with the Republican party—more who secretly sympathize with the movement—and (in my judgment) a majority of all the South who will acquiesce in our rule. I believe that the time has now come when a majority of the American people are ready to vindicate the faith of our fathers in man's capability of self-government. But it cannot be disguised that this majority is now fragmentary and disorganized, and it requires sagacious leadership and self-sacrificing patriotism to array them in successful opposition to the concentrated and drilled forces of the present pro-slavery administration. I think, then, your suggestion is a good one, and that it will meet the views of the whole Republican party. For the sake of unity, let the first meeting at Pittsburg, on the 22d of February next, be as homogeneous as possible. Then let the National Committee open an active and conciliatory correspondence with all the opponents of the slave propaganda. Let Whig and Democrat, Know-Nothing and anti-Know-Nothing, Catholic and Protestant, native born and adopted, and all shades of opinion, be urged, by the great necessity of immediate and decisive action, to save, if possible, the Republic from its threatened submersion into one of the most relentless despotisms which has ever darkened the pages of history.

My dear Sir, I know that you feel with me the world-wide consequences of the crisis. May the God of our fathers move us to do our whole duty. I am your obedient servant, C. M. Clay.

SLAVERY IN NEW JERSEY.

Correspondence of the Evening Post.

Harrington, N. J., Dec. 13, 1855.

The subject of slavery is not a very pleasant one to write about; it is rather one at which the mind of the true philanthropist revolts. To reflect upon the fact of God's creature, *man*, being treated by his fellow-man as but little superior to brutes—and in many respects he is held to be on a perfect level with the bestial herd—is what the enlightened, sensitive mind cannot endure. But why, it may be asked, do we continually recur to the subject, if it be so unpleasant? We write to show that, although the mother country was the means of inflicting this curse upon us, yet there was a natural repugnance to it in the minds of men at an early period of our country's history; and that their opposition was declared and visibly demonstrated, in the form of legal enactments, having in view the *concentration* of slavery to the original States, and *not its nationalization.*

According to the act of the New Jersey Legislature, for the gradual abolition of slavery, passed the 24th of February, 1820, no person might go out of the State on a journey to any part of the United States, but he was compelled to *bring back his* slaves, unless such inhabitant should make proof within six months after his return, to the satisfaction of two Judges of the Court of Common Pleas, that such slave could not be brought back, by reason of some unavoidable accident. And if the master would persist in not returning his slave, nor give any account thereof, he was, on conviction, liable to a fine of not less than five hundred dollars, or to imprisonment not less than one year, and in every such case the slave was *declared to be free.* Now, why, if our fathers were imbued with the idea of nationalizing slavery, did they thus act? Why this leaning to freedom? The answer is obvious: not to extend slavery, but to confine it to its then present limits. But there is another humane feature in the act above quoted: that no person intending to travel in any part of the United States could compel his slave legally to go with him. *He must give his consent thereto,* to be ascertained upon a private examination by the presiding Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, and a certificate of that fact to be given to the master.

I know it is quickly answered by an objector, that such legislation is a relic of ancient times, when people knew "not anything too much"; and that it would be an incomplete system for them to adopt at the South. But it has worked well here, and we refer to it to show that we are correct in the views we hold in regard to the extension of slavery.

New Jersey slaves must there, for the most part, remain, and a humane feature it was; for then there could be no separation of fathers and mothers from their offspring, without any hope of their ever seeing each other again, as at present practised in slaveholding communities.

But we are living in an eventful age, when many who pretend to be instructors should themselves be initiated into first principles. Nevertheless, we have reason to be thankful that, though they may see by the light of the sparks of their own creating, we have a clear light, that shineth in the midst of all the surrounding darkness—the light of correct history, containing the records of the past. A. W. H.

Harrington, N. J., Dec. 17, 1855.

We have seen that there was but one steady and consistent course pursued by the legislators of New Jersey in the matter of slavery. And although the Constitution of the United States allowed the importation of slaves till the year 1808, in a way of compromise, yet New Jersey, nine years after the Constitution went into operation, declared that all vessels that were fitted out for the purpose of bringing slaves from any country whatsoever should be forfeited, and sold by order of the Sheriff; showing, conclusively, that it was their desire that the traffic therein should terminate as soon as time and circumstances would permit.

But it will be asked, perhaps, what was the conduct of New Jersey in regard to fugitive slaves? We answer, here she showed a magnanimity worthy of example by every State in the Union. Her fidelity to the Constitution of the United States was never questioned, and she made it apparent by her acts. She stood not in need of the mandates of Congress to compel her to deliver fugitives from labour. She acted like every State should act: as though they were invested with the *attributes of sovereignty,* and where the law of Congress of 1793 in regard to that subject need not interpose. She declared that when a coloured person, held to labour or service, shall escape into this State, the owner, or agent, or attorney, duly constituted in writing, was to apply to any township or county magistrate, and make oath of the fact, &c., and if the fugitive did not admit the justice of the claim, and *either party demand a trial by jury,* the Judge was required to issue a venire, and summon twelve men, who should proceed to try the case *as in other cases of trial by jury.*

The right of the person was not to be tried by one man, as under the present Fugitive Slave law, and a *bounty offered in case the decision proved to be adverse to freedom.* No. The person was considered as having something to lose; and he was presumed to be entitled to his freedom, unless shown to be the contrary by *competent authority.* And I firmly believe that much, if not all, of the difficulties growing out of the present unhappy controversy between the free and slave States would be annihilated if *Congress were to repeal entirely the law of '93 and* 1850 *on the subject* of the rendition of fugitives from labour, and each State were to enact one similar to New Jersey, in order to carry out the principles of the Constitution in reference thereto. For it is so throughout the world, that people will do of their *own free will* what they would not if attempts were made to compel them. And then it is evident that the act of rendition is one which should be subject to State sovereignty and not to an act of the General Government.

This would be the almost universal conclusion were it not that there a few people who *do all the thinking,* and form nearly all the opinions for the general mass of the community, who, at the latter, unconsciously receiving them as truths, without further reflection, when it comes finally to be claimed as a settled point which no one must call in question.

If New Jersey were now a slave State, under the government of her former laws in relation to slavery, her citizens would not consider that they had a right to carry the institution with them into the new territories. This is a doctrine of modern revelation, rather an innovation, and the time will yet come when it will be universally rejected. A. W. H.

MR. BUCHANAN OVER THE COALS.

The New York *Evening Post* has republished the letter which Mr. Buchanan wrote to what he facetiously, probably, called the "glorious Democracy of old Berks," on the 25th of August, 1847. It does hit the mark so exactly that it actually does one good to see how Mr. Buchanan, "old" as he is, is caught upon the hip. The *Pennsylvanian* makes the most ludicrous attempts to wriggle out of the quandary we remember to have seen, and at length faces the music in a sort of desperation. We shall lay the said precious document by for future reference, contenting ourselves now with an extract or two. The questions, at that time prominent, pertained to the then newly acquired territory, and Mr. Wilmot was anxious to attach his proviso thereto. In the letter above alluded to, Mr. Buchanan says:

"Northern Democrats are not expected to approve slavery in the abstract. * * After Louisiana was acquired from France by Mr. Jefferson, and when the State of Missouri, which constituted a part of it, was admitted into the Union, the Missouri question arose, and, in its progress, threatened the dissolution of the Union. This was settled by the men of the last generation, as other important and dangerous questions have been settled, in a spirit of mutual concession. Under the Missouri Compromise, slavery was 'forever prohibited' North of the parallel of 36 deg. 30 min., and South of this parallel the question was left to be decided by the people. Congress, in the admission of Texas, following in the footsteps of their predecessors, adopted the same rule, *and, in my opinion, the harmony of the States and even the security of the Union itself require that the line of the Missouri Compromise should be extended to any new territory which we may acquire from Mexico.*" (The italics are ours.)

At the end of this letter Mr. Buchanan offers the following sentiment:

"The Missouri Compromise! Its adoption in 1820 saved the Union from threatened convulsion; its extension in 1848 to any new territory which we may acquire will secure the like happy result."

As the New York *Evening Post* remarks touching this letter:

"The attention of Mr. Buchanan's friends is respectfully invited to a letter written by that statesman, in 1847, in reference to the Missouri Compromise. It was written as an antidote to the Wilmot Proviso, then pressed upon the attention of Congress, and was deemed the most ultra pro-slavery ground at that time which any man North or South could take and live. It is a curious evidence of the progressive character of our countrymen, that this letter, once so ultra, now lands its author high and dry among the Abolitionists, in opposition to squatter sovereignty and the pet doctrines of slavery propagandism upon which the Administration has staked its fortunes.

"We hope soon to hear what construction Mr. Buchanan and his friends put upon this letter. Do they mean to stand by it to the letter, or will they appeal to it as conclusive evidence of a readiness on his part to go farther than the farthest at any time to serve the South?"

RIGHTS OF JURORS.

Correspondence of The Tribune.

Boston, Jan. 2, 1856.

* * * Last week, in the United States District Court, on the trial of a sea-captain, before Judge Ware, B. F. Hallett, the United States District Attorney, asked the Court to inquire of one of the Jurors whether he had not expressed an opinion unfavourable to the evidence of seamen in cases of conflict with masters and officers, and whether he was conscious of a bias in favour of masters and officers in such cases?

R. H. Dana, Jr., for the defendant, objected to the question, and insisted on the right of all parties in contests with the Government to have the jury which the lot gave them. There were a few established causes for which the Court may refuse a juror, as in case of pecuniary interest, or certain conscientious scruples; but he insisted that no inquiries could be made into general opinions, predilections, or even prejudices. The inquiry proposed opened the question of class opinions, or class biases or prejudices, to which all the community were more or less subject, and of which the Government, as well as the defendant, must take the chance. An attempt to pursue such inquiries would put the jury in the power of the Court. This would be especially dangerous in political trials.

Mr. Hallett insisted on the right of the Government to have an impartial jury, and the only way to secure that end was by inquiries to the jurors, under the direction of the Court. If the juror's answers disclosed a bias or prejudice, whether general or special, if it was applicable to the case on trial, he was unfit to act. He pressed the question in this case, because he had learned (he declined to say how) that this juror, on one of the previous trials of a similar case, had expressed such an opinion.

Mr. Dana said the reason assigned for pressing the question by the United States Attorney made the danger more apparent. The Court-House and its purlieus are in possession of one side in this suit—the Government. The Government officers fill the house, watch over, converse with and attend upon the jury. All these officers, from the highest to the lowest, are the mere servants of the Government, holding office at the will of the Executive. If the deliberations of the jury-room, the opinions and conversations of jurors in the rooms and entries, are to be overheard and repeated, and become matter of inquisition, and the Court-House turned into a Dionysius's Ear, the equal right of the citizen against the Government was gone.

Judge Ware said that if the motion of the District-Attorney was pressed, he should take time to examine the question. But he would submit a few remarks, giving his present opinion, after which perhaps the motion would be allowed to drop.

The right of a single citizen, in a contest with the Government, to a jury drawn by lot and uncontrolled in its selection by the Government or the Court, is the last hope of the minority against the tyranny of the majority. If a course shall be adopted which results in giving the Court the power to control, in any degree, this selection, founded on general opinions and prejudices of classes, political parties or religious sects, we are near the last stages of a free Government. Any extension, therefore, of the right of inquisition into opinions, or even bias or prejudice, is a step in the wrong direction, and on delicate ground. The Legislature has established certain disqualifications of jurors, and these must be inquired into. The Court should be extremely cautious in going beyond these. No authority, he believed, could be found for such questions as were now proposed. All men in the community are subject more or less to bias or prejudice, arising from political, religious, social, class and business connections and opinions. These vary, from a scarcely perceptible degree to gross cases. In the abstract, it might be desirable to get juries in all cases absolutely free from any such bias. But the remedy would be worse than the disease. Each side must take its chance of these opinions and biases and of their degree. It is one of the compensations we pay for the inestimable privileges of free institutions.

The foreman of the Jury and also one of the Jurors behaved with commendable spirit on this occasion, and the result was that Mr. Hallett was forced to draw in his horns and eat humble pie. He withdrew his motion and apologized to the Jury.

My reason for noticing the matter is this: Between four and five years ago, on the 17th of June, 1851, I happened to be present in the same Court at the trial of Robert Morris, a coloured member of the Boston Bar, for the rescue of Shadrack, the fugitive slave. Judge Sprague presided. Under his rulings there was considerable difficulty in impannelling a jury. Among other jurors who were called was Mr. Joseph E. Ober, of Beverley. The following question was put to him: "Do you hold such an opinion of the constitutionality or unconstitutionality of the Fugitive Slave law as to prevent you from finding a verdict, in the case now pending, upon the evidence and under the instructions of the Court that the law is constitutional?"

"I do not," said Mr. Ober. He was then asked: "Have you any bias or prejudice in the case now pending?"

Mr. Ober answered: "I am not sensible of any bias or prejudice in this case, other than a common sympathy with the oppressed and down-trodden."

Judge Sprague, who was apparently taking a nap behind the fan with which he shaded his weak eyes, roused up at this, and exclaimed, with an excitement that showed he thought he had at length caught an Abolitionist attempting to enter the jury-box—"What's that, Sir? Repeat that."

Mr. Ober repeated it, word for word, in the most unmoved manner. The Judge was not satisfied. He evidently wanted jurors who did *not* have "a common sympathy with the oppressed and downtrodden." He continued to question Mr. Ober, but could elicit nothing further, except an admission that *possibly* and *unconsciously* his sympathy with the oppressed and downtrodden *might* incline him to wish to have the prisoner acquitted. The Judge ordered him away as unfit to serve in the case.

The doctrine laid down by Judge Ware, as I have cited it above, exposes, in its true light, the nature of Judge Sprague's effort to pack a jury by excluding from it all who sympathized, however generally, with the political opinions of the accused. If the course adopted by Judge Sprague shall be persisted in, we are indeed, as Judge Ware remarks, "near the last stages of a free government. The right of the single citizen, in contest with the government, to a jury drawn by lot, and uncontrolled in its selection by the government or the court, is the last hope of the minority against the tyranny of the majority."

Oliver.

DEFICIENCIES OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

[The following is the principal part of a letter addressed to the Portland *Journal and Inquirer,* by the Rev. George T. Day, a Freewill Baptist clergyman, of Olneyville, R. I., to explain his views of the principles and policy of the Republican party.]

"Why, then, do I find fault with the Republican party?" Because it takes so much pains to profess its willingness to fraternize fifteen State despotisms. Because it so earnestly disavows all wish to interfere with the system in the States where it exists; proclaiming itself content with a national life one-half of whose forces work perpetually for tyranny. Because it virtually offers one half of the national union to the devil of slavery, on condition that the angel of freedom may be allowed to visit unmolested the remainder. Because it virtually promises to lay its finger on its lip in the presence of all the enormities perpetrated on the plantations, provided no new plantations are won from the virgin wilderness of the territories. Because it makes no objection to the constitutional provision which now allows twenty-five Representatives to legislate at Washington, since they and their constituents have chattelized men enough to purchase the distinction. Because, in a single word, its objection to slavery is only an objection to its unconstitutional usurpation of Free State Rights, rather than a damnable moral wrong, and an unpardonable political blunder. Because it proposes to regulate slavery as a force, rather than to destroy it as a sin. Does the Republican party mean to root out the system entirely by the policy it adopts, and in as short a time as possible? If it does, it should avow its purpose, and thus testify to its abhorrence of the system. If it does not, then I cannot sympathize with its milk and water policy, nor have faith in its half-way measures. If it is meant to destroy slavery as a wrong, while the avowed object is only to localize it as a piece of good policy, then the Republican party is guilty of duplicity; if it is honestly disposed to concede the propriety of its continuance on the condition of its consent to be "*sectional,*" then it is making a new compromise, more objectionable than any which has been framed since the adoption of the Constitution; and compromises already "swell to heaven." "But the party consents because it can't help it." It need not consent at all; it only need to act under a decided protest—hastening to add the frank avowal that, by every means that righteousness will allow, slavery shall be opposed till it give up the ghost. If it would take that attitude, my objection would be disposed of. That would be laying down no concession to despotism—that would be refusing to consent that it have life for an hour. "Does not the party do that?" I think not. I have read the platforms of its Conventions, and the speeches of its ablest expositors and leaders, with some care; and instead of this frank avowal of their wishes and purposes, they multiply words to prove their moderation. As an example, look at Mr. Seward's speech, at Albany—a speech full of magnetism, and, in its ability, worthy of the first statesman in the country; but, after all, affording no justification for the charge of Abolitionism. It presents him in the light of a simple *Defender of Northern Equality.* And this speech corresponds, in its scope, with the programme of the party everywhere. *Ab uno disce omnes.*

But it may be replied that those who act in the party are yet free to exert their moral influence elsewhere, and adopt more radical measures in other spheres and forms of effort. *Here,* they are politicians or citizens—elsewhere they may be philanthropists and Christians. Precisely; but if I am a philanthropist or a Christian, I cannot accept any political platform too narrow to receive these only qualities that make me a full man; and especially I object to occupy a platform where I am obliged, in the profession of my faith, virtually to disavow the principle which vitalizes my philanthropy, and from which my religion consents to no divorce. That party *will not* define my position as a citizen, unless it says that I will aim, by using every righteous means, not simply to annul the marriage between the General Government and slavery, but to tear the loathsome thing away from our whole civil life.

WANTED, THE PRESIDENCY.

We all pity a poor creature, dimeless and dinnerless, looking out late in the afternoon for a job. We ought, if we have the souls of Christians, to pity still more sincerely a septuagenarian aspirant, who still dotes upon the dear Presidency without the slightest chance of obtaining it. It is painful to witness the person who has been bitten by the Presidential flea—to mark how he studies chances which nobody else thinks worth calculating—how he writes inflated letters which nobody reads—how, like a frosty coquette of fifty, he sidles and bridles, and sighs out "no," when he means "yes" with all his heart—how he grows spasmodically jubilant when some obscure paper speaks of him in connection with the object of his prayer by day and his dream by night. Just before the Presidential year, the devil that torments these poor gentlemen grows unusually spry and active. Thus Mr. Cass bursts out suddenly with a letter to "a Philadelphia gentleman," which, of course, finds its way into the newspapers. He really cannot consent to be a candidate—he doesn't permit himself to think of such a thing—he blushes at the very thought! And all this modest disclaimer is made, just as if everybody did n't know that the venerable Michigander would give his entire collection of ancient boots for the Democratic nomination at Cincinnati. Then there is Mr. Fillmore, who would never have been thought of for the office if God had not removed the excellent Taylor—he, too, has his aspirations, and swears big oaths, and goes through any amount of mummery and tom-foolery to get back to his old chair. Then there is Mr. James Buchanan, with no more chance of the Presidency than we have (thank Heaven, *our* chance is beautifully small!)—and he is shuffling the cards and sighing for the odd trick. These gentlemen will continue to plan and to pant for the nomination, as the hart panteth after the water brooks, until their respective parties shall meet. Then what a sockdologer Fate will administer to their venerable sconces! The boon which they have so coveted will be conferred upon some political Snooks, never heard of out of his own county, and without qualifications, experience or character. They will be passed over, forgotten, kicked aside, to make room for what is called a fresh man, and very fresh he will probably be. So the unhappy creatures subside for another term, to wake up and to go through the same motions at the end of it. All this is pitiable enough, where these actors in a wretched farce do nothing more than make themselves ridiculous. But when they wheedle and lie, take both sides of a question, speak when they should be silent, keep dumb when they should speak, forget all manliness and become traitors to truth and to patriotism, they merit not only our contempt, but our indignation. The facing-both-ways politician ought to be put down, and the sooner the better for the country. Meanwhile, it is very certain that no man who permits himself to hanker for the Presidency will ever get it. The spell is upon him. He will be the architect of his own ruin, and exceeding cunning for his own overthrow. Nothing that he plants will ever spring up. His best laid schemes will "gang agley." He will never sleep in the White House if the desire to do so keeps him awake in his own.—*Boston Atlas.*

THE SLAVE'S CHRISTMAS.

"No picture could be more pleasant to contemplate than that which will this day be presented in the Southern States. Every slave will enjoy a holiday, and every slave will have his Christmas dinner. The humble cabin will blaze with light, and resound with merry voices. The banjo will give out its enlivening notes, and the flat foot of the happy negro will keep time to the simple but inspiring music. Could the misguided Abolitionist glance, this day, over the happy scenes that the Southern plantations will present, he would feel and own that Southern benevolence has taken the sting out of slavery, and that the bondman is happier than the freed man. He would feel and own that the

legislative branch of the Government, or compel those who represent a majority of the people to submit to a minority. The last of these caucuses agreed on this declaration: "We will adhere to our platform and our candidate"—their platform, the Nebraska-Kansas act, condemned by a majority of the suffrages of the American people—their candidate, Richardson, rejected by a majority of the suffrages of the House of Representatives. The official organ thus expresses the exultation of the Executive at this declaration:

*"Everywhere the firm and united action of the Democrats is applauded, and the slightest faltering now would mortify the applauded, and the slightest faltering now would mortify the applauded, and the slightest faltering now would mortify the

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE OF THE TWENTIETH PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The Twentieth Anti-Slavery Fair of Pennsylvania was held in the large Saloon of the Assembly Buildings, on the 12th, 13th, 14th and 15th of December.

The Receipts,	$2,279 46
Expenses,	675 21*
Net Profits,	$1,604 25

There were Five Tables abundantly supplied by contributions from the city. The tables from Germantown, Camden, Mullica Hill, Bristol, Makefield, Byberry and Chester County were generously filled.

Donations were received from Norristown, Downingtown, Kimberton, Salem, Wilmington, Pawtucket, R. I., Nantucket, Mass., and Bristol, England.

The addresses of Wm. Lloyd Garrison and Charles C. Burleigh, on Thursday and Friday evenings, added interest and profit to the Fair, which was throughout one of great pleasure and attraction.

The close of this, the Twentieth Annual Fair, presents a fitting period to review the past. The first of these efforts was commenced in 1835, by a very few labourers who felt abundantly paid for their exertions in realizing the sum of three hundred dollars. At that time, and for several subsequent years, limited contributions were displayed in very small rooms, procured with difficulty from the unwillingness of the owners to be identified with an odious cause. At one period, the Anti-Slavery Office was the only place to be obtained in which to display the collections of the devoted few who, clustering together in this narrow apartment, cheered each other to the work before them, of rousing an apathetic nation to a consciousness of their deep and deadly sin, in enslaving their brother man. In course of time, an inconvenient upper room was obtained in the Assembly Buildings. Then a beautiful Saloon on the second floor, and now, for a number of years, large and elegant Rooms, for which $50 a day are paid, are required to accommodate the contributions and the crowds who throng thither to make purchases and to enjoy the social attractions of the occasion, manifesting a devotedness that doubtless will increase in force and earnestness till "Liberty shall be proclaimed throughout the land unto all the inhabitants thereof."

In view of this continued growth, we feel warranted in the belief that the Annual Fairs have been, and that they will continue to be, an important aid in our labours for the emancipation of the slave, and we earnestly recommend renewed and increasing efforts in this branch of anti-slavery work.

On behalf of the Committee.

SARAH PUGH,
MARGARET J. BURLEIGH.

Philadelphia, December 29, 1855.

Since the close of the Fair very acceptable donations have been received from Leeds, England.

*$200 of the amount of Expenses is a loan which has been refunded to the Female Anti-Slavery Society.

CONGRESS.

The House is still unorganized, but the caucus of Democratic members having determined to vote for a continuous session until a Speaker is elected, it is the general opinion that the struggle must end before the close of the present week. The despatches from Washington in Wednesday's papers generally express the belief or hope that Banks will succeed by the operation of the plurality principle. On the 4th inst., Mr. Boyce, of South Carolina, having risen ostensibly for a personal explanation, said he had frequently expressed his opinion that circumstances are at work which are hurrying us almost irresistibly to a disruption of the Union. He saw, with the most profound regret, a party formed at the North based on the single idea of hostility to the institutions of the South, which party holds that freedom is national and slavery sectional. The Constitution recognises slavery, the formation of that instrument being the result of conciliation and compromise. If that party obtains possession of the Government, and he thought it would, disunion would be the result. He did not desire this, and God forbid that it should ever happen. It is noteworthy that while every Northern member who dares to intimate that circumstances may possibly arise which would justify the dissolution of the Union is at once denounced as a traitor, Southern members like Mr. Boyce are permitted to declare, without reserve or circumlocution, that if the slaveholders can't have their way, the Union shall be utterly exploded. Mr. Allison, of Pennsylvania, replied to Mr. Boyce, disclaiming any disposition to interfere with slavery in the States, but claiming the right and avowing the purpose to oppose its further extension.

In the Senate, on the 3d inst., John P. Hale reviewed the President's Message in terms of severe but just denunciation. We give an extract:

"The President of the United States, in the paper which he sent here a few days ago, takes the ground that the gentlemen who do not agree with him in his peculiar notions are the enemies of the Constitution. I do not know how others feel, but I say it is an insult to the majority of this nation. The President knows, if he reads anything beyond the most servile sheets that his creatures send to him, that the public sentiment of this country condemns most decidedly his action in that Territory. No man knows it better than he, or at least no man ought to know it better; and when he goes on to characterize as enemies of the Constitution those who differ from him, he knows he so characterizes certainly one-half of the popular branch of Congress, and quite a number of the members of the Senate—no matter for them, however; as they do not belong to 'healthy organizations,' let them take care of themselves. I will not speak for them, but I speak for myself, and I say the President can do me no sort of harm by any such denunciation as this. I am perfectly willing to take it; but, Sir, standing here as a representative of our native State—his and mine together—I will not have him hurl such an imputation as that unchallenged or unrebuked. He has no right to designate any men who are here under the same oath to support the Constitution which he has taken, as enemies of the Constitution; and when he does it he comes down from the high place which God, in his wrath for the punishment of our national sins, and for the humiliation of our national pride, has permitted him to occupy. I say he comes down from that high place into the arena of a vulgar demagogue, and strips himself of everything which should clothe with dignity the office of President of the United States. I deny the issue; I hurl it back in his face; I tell him, when he undertakes to designate these men as enemies of the Constitution, he abuses and defames men whose shoe-latchets he is not worthy to untie.

"Sir, these are plain words, but the time demands them. When the President of the United States sends such a message as this to me, or to a body of which I am a member, I shall be restrained by no consideration from speaking what I believe to be the truth."

The British Periodicals—Leonard Scott & Co.'s Republication.—In another column will be found Leonard Scott & Co.'s annual advertisement of their republication of the four leading British Quarterlies, and Blackwood's Magazine, the most valuable, as well as most entertaining, monthly in the world. It is worthy of notice, and we call attention to it accordingly, that for all these periodicals Scott & Co. now receive advance sheets, so that this staple of modern literature is supplied to us almost as soon as it is given to the readers abroad. He who may make it his sole literary resource and dependence will be wiser than the wisest *homo unius libri* that ever studied.

Some changes, we learn, have taken place in the editorship of the Reviews within the past year which those among our readers who take them will be glad to be informed of. For instance: Hon. George Cornewall Lewis, now Chancellor of the Exchequer, has been succeeded in the *Edinburgh* by Mr. Reeves. Professor Fraser edits the *North British*, and counts among his contributors Sir David Brewster, Dr. Whewell, of Cambridge, the enlightened and liberal Archbishop of Dublin, Charles Kingsley, Dr. Samuel Brown, the chemist, Mr. Senior, the political economist, Professor Blackie, and others. The Rev. Whitwell Elwyn has taken the place of Lockhart in the *London Quarterly*, to which Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton is one of the chief contributors. *The Westminster* is under the direction of several writers, both male and female, of the liberal school, with John Chapman at the head of the list, as Editor and Publisher. And *Blackwood* is edited by Professor Aytoun, son-in-law of Professor Wilson. These are all strong names, and should serve to increase the circulation of the reprints in this country.

Terrible!—The other day, one of Richardson's supporters, Mr. Shorter, of Alabama, concluded a most indecent assault on Mr. Banks and Massachusetts, as follows:

"I say I do not believe, under the Constitution, and the true theory of our Government, that the State of Massachusetts to-day belongs to the Union. And I take this occasion to say further, that when this House is organized, if it ever should be, I intend, if no one else does it, to introduce a resolution to the effect that no gentleman, sustaining the position of the gentleman from Massachusetts, and no representative from that State, *is entitled to hold a seat upon this floor.*"

☞ We are indebted to the Hon. Charles Sumner for a copy of his admirable speech on the Slave Oligarchy and its Usurpations, delivered on 21 of November in Faneuil Hall, Boston. It has been published for general distribution by the Republican Association of Washington.

Death of a Good Man.—The *Bugle* announces the death, at his residence in New Lisbon, Ohio, of Geo. Garretson, in the 69th year of his age. He was a Friend, of the Progressive school, and his doors were always open to the anti-slavery lecturer and the fugitive bondman. The writer of this has often enjoyed his hospitality and that of his now bereaved family, and can bear testimony to his worth. Though a Quaker, he was no sectarian, and he was ever prominent among those who lamented the wide departure of the Society of Friends from its former noble testimonies against oppression. The *Bugle* says:

"Our friend, who has now passed away from the earthly scene of his labours and usefulness, was a most estimable man, distinguished, wherever known, for his integrity of character, a most public-spirited and useful citizen, and, from the very commencement of the anti-slavery enterprise, most faithfully and uncompromisingly devoted to its interests. He was one of the few working, reliable Abolitionists of New Lisbon. He took a deep interest in the early establishment of the *Bugle*, and has ever been its fast friend, and a faithful supporter of the Western Anti-Slavery Society from its commencement."

Hon. Joshua R. Giddings, in a private letter, dated at Washington, Jan. 7th, says:

"As yet no one can tell the result of our present conflict (for Speaker). I regard the election of Banks as probable. It might, in my opinion, have been effected ere this, but for the expectation that our friends would divide and enable the Administration to elect Richardson, under a plurality resolution. They have been assured, as we are told, from our friends, that we shall soon break to pieces. Whether this will take place or not, no one can tell. The proceedings of the Know-Nothings in Ohio Convention, it is said, will tend to effect our defeat, and the fact that Mr. Brenton and two others have left us this morning also indicates danger of such a result. But our men have thus far stood stronger than I expected. Our example has gone forth to the country, and is consolidating our ranks, strengthening our forces and awakening the nation to the fact that slavery constitutes the only political issue now pending before the people."

The Reformer, lately published in Syracuse by Rev. A. Pryne, has been removed to Ravenna, Ohio, and united with the *Independent Press*, a journal lately established by W. B. Orvis. The united paper, *The Independent Press and Reformer*, is to employ the editorial services of both Mr. Orvis and Mr. Pryne, and, according to its motto, to be "devoted to the promotion of Reform in Church and State." Mr. Orvis, if we are not mistaken, is the man who, in the Summer of 1854, undertook, in a discussion with C. C. Burleigh, in Chester Co., Pa., to defend the American Church and Clergy from the charge of being pro-slavery. Mr. Pryne advocates the views of the United States Constitution held by Gerrit Smith, and both he and Mr. Orvis hold certain opinions on the subject of "Christian Union," which, as expounded in *The Reformer*, we have tried in vain to understand. Mr. Pryne is inveterately hostile to the views and movements of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and we presume his partner is so likewise.

The Tribune (late Whig) Almanac for 1856 contains, besides the astronomical pages common to all almanacs, a large amount of political, statistical and legal information which can be found in no other similar publication. It furnishes a complete list of the members of Congress, Judges of the United States Courts, members of the Cabinet, election returns from all the States; a list of the Governors of the States, with the times of the State elections and the meeting of the State Legislatures respectively; a list of foreign States, with the names and titles of their sovereigns, &c.; a History of Kansas, and other matter convenient for reference. New York: Greeley & M'Elrath—12 1-2 cents single copy.

The Washington correspondent of the *Evening Post* writes as follows in a recent letter to that journal:

"The Administration, emulous possibly of the fame of the 'Jerry rescuers' of Syracuse, are taking measures to restore freedom to a negro family said to be stolen by certain Mississippians from the country of the Cherokees. I am also informed that the Cherokees have manifested their fondness for enslaving a race, with a skin more 'coloured' than their own, by protesting to the government against the abolition missionaries of the 'American Board.' They, or at least those who write for them, complain that the preachers do not confine themselves to their business, but are disturbing the domestic institutions of the Cherokees. From their letters one would infer that the poor Indians are famishing for a gospel which conveys no rebuke of human bondage; and there are those who think that their appeal for redress to the present government is not misdirected."

Theodore Parker, owing to the interruption of travel caused by the late severe storm and cold weather, failed to reach New York from Philadelphia (where he spoke on Tuesday evening) in season to fulfil his engagement to lecture at the Tabernacle on Wednesday evening. A large audience was seriously disappointed. Mr. Parker reached the Tabernacle too late by only half an hour, but the audience, having no assurance that he would come, had dispersed.

Littell's Living Age, No. 607, brings us two fresh chapters of "The Fortunes of Glencore," the *Athenæum's* review of "Hiawatha," a review of Lewes' Life of Goëthe from the *Spectator*, an interesting paper from the Dublin *University* Magazine, entitled "How I became an Egyptian," several timely political articles, and more than the usual variety of poems and short pieces. New York: Littell, Son & Co., 343 Broadway.

Hon. J. R. Giddings is entitled to our thanks for a revised copy of his speech, delivered in the House on the 18th of December, and which, by its bold and fearless tone, caused no small degree of fluttering among the slaveholders and their allies.

The National Anti-Slavery Bazaar, at Boston, closed on New Year's evening. We understand that its receipts amounted to about four thousand seven hundred dollars. How Anti-Slavery is dying away!

Our Philadelphia Correspondence.

Philadelphia, Jan. 6, 1856.

"From small streams great rivers flow;
Tall Oaks from little Acorns grow."

Exactly the reverse of the proposition contained in the ancient couplet just quoted appears to be the case with regard to most or all of the men who occupy (not *fill*) the offices of power and influence in the Government of this great Republic. Even in their meanness they do not rise above mediocrity. They have, most emphatically, their beginning in a "day of small things." And what is more to the purpose, every act of their public life has been most admirably consistent with its forerunner, in so far as it evinced a total disregard of principle without even the merit of ability. Foremost among these small men by nature, large men from accident, stands President Pierce, in regard to whom, it is generally conceded that his last message is the only thing he has ever produced giving evidence of the possession of any faculties above the most ordinary capacity. The two great events of his life are evidently (according to the popular apprehension) the munificent donation, years ago, of one cent to a weeping youth of his native State, and his recent contempt for law and precedent in thrusting his Annual Message upon the Representatives of the people before they were organized into a legislative body. In the one case benevolence shone forth in all its radiance; in the other, courage and independence, of the Jacksonian stamp, was meant to be the predominating characteristic.

When Louis Napoleon, by a *coup de état* of unexampled boldness, made himself Emperor of the French, man, indignant at his treachery, endeavoured to treat him with contempt as "Napoleon the Little." But he has lived long enough to show that he possesses powers which, in spite of his villany, challenge the admiration of all classes. When the Democratic party, by a bold stroke of policy, substituted the unknown Frank Pierce for the *well-known* Lewis Cass, it was a matter of wonderment to many good souls, and of amusement to all. Now, *one* point of difference between the French Emperor and the American President is, that while the former has lived to disprove the hastily-formed opinion of him, the latter has not merely increased the astonishment felt at his accession to power, but has, by a course of imbecile weakness and toadyism, created in the minds of all right-thinking men a feeling of the most unbounded disgust. Within a few weeks, the public mind has been shocked at the developments of religious fanaticism and superstition which have been manifested among what are called the "Wakemanites" of Connecticut. The vagaries of these unfortunate people have been made the theme of long homilies, by various editors, on the danger to be apprehended from the prevalence of the many *isms* that agitate the popular mind. And they also assert that the existence of such superstition may well shake our belief in human progress, and cause us to hesitate in eulogising the present as above the past. I allude to this fact for the purpose merely of making a passing remark. While such exhibitions of ignorance as that alluded to are proofs of the incompleteness of our civilization, they do not so directly or materially injure the cause of Humanity as many things that are looked upon by some as blessings, and by others as necessary to the working-out of some one of the inscrutable plans attributed to Providence. No one would suppose for a moment that the Rev. Mr. Wadsworth, for instance, views the Widow Wakeman and her followers in any other light than as persons possessed of the Devil, as labouring under a "strong delusion." And yet, to the unprejudiced mind, there is no more ignorance, no greater moral obliquity, displayed by this miserable woman in supposing that the death of Matthews would preserve her life, and that the preservation of her life would avert the destruction of the world, than there was in the assertion of this clergyman that the enslavement of three and a half millions of black men and women was absolutely necessary for the preservation of our Government, and that upon the perpetuity of this Union rested the hopes of the world. In the one case the delusion was confined to a few ignorant and uninfluential persons. It has exposed itself in a manner that will prevent it from ever gaining many adherents. In the other case the delusion is not confined to the brain of the Rev. Charles Wadsworth, or of his congregation, but pervades every avenue of society. It is not merely the great political dogma of the country, but it is strengthened in its hold upon the minds of the people, by the Religious sanctions which are thrown around it on every side. It is not from unpopular, but from popular and respectable ignorance and crime that the cause of humanity and civilization has reason to dread the greatest opposition and most disastrous effects. B.

From Our Kansas Correspondent.

Lawrence, Dec. 23, 1855.

Messrs. Editors: Although the war of arms is ended, and physical peace exists in our borders, yet the war of words is not over. Political strife and rottenness in governmental affairs are yet rampant. Yesterday witnessed the mustering of political demagogues, to enact as nonsensical a farce as a people not entirely destitute of brains ever engaged in, viz., the premature formation of a State Government. Here we are, with scarcely one-tenth of the population requisite for a representative, and of course for admission to the Union, although I suppose the Constitution requires no specific number for admission alone; standing before Congress and asking her to set aside all precedents, and admit us into the Union, and why? Simply that our loafers, who are too poor to pay their daily expenses, may get into office, and have their bills paid for them by the "dear people." And the "dear people" are so fond of flattery, here as elsewhere, that they are willing to pay these and other expenses incidental to a State Government for the sake of being told that they are capable of carrying on such a government, even in opposition to the wishes of Congress. Our people are perfectly infatuated upon this subject. Although those of the leaders who are honest will admit that the chances for admission by the present Congress are exceedingly small, yet it is perfectly easy to gull the people, and lead them to adopt the most extravagant notions respecting this matter. Such men as Lane are determined to go ahead with the State Organization, whether Congress admits us or not, and the people seem to think it is all well enough. Robinson is much more cautious, and, I think, will not venture upon such a step. However, as Lane's party is by far the most numerous in the Territory, comprising, as it does, the "black-law" party and all the pseudo Free State men, it will not be strange if, by next Spring, we have a Legislature in opposition to the Territorial one; and then will come the "tug of war." People who think that Uncle Sam is going to succumb to so puny a State as ours will be must have a poor idea of the old gentleman's valour. My opinion is, as a writer from Washington asserts, that "Jeff. Davis will gladly let slip the 'dogs of war' upon us" in the event of our adopting such a policy. If he does, of course with the approbation of the whole Cabinet, where will be our infant State? Echo answers, Where? Discretion seems to have wholly fled from our people, for a fool can see what must be the consequence of such a war. It would not be Missouri ruffians against the North, as in the case of the recent war, but the United States against a few poor and feeble settlers in Kansas—brave enough, perhaps, but wholly destitute of the means to carry on the war.

The Convention nominated Gen. Charles Robinson for Governor, and Col. W. Y. Roberts for Lieut.-Governor; P. C. Schuyler for Secretary of State; Judge Wakefield, Treasurer, &c. &c. M. W. Delahay, editor of *The Territorial Register* at Leavenworth, is their choice for Representative, thus affording another proof of what I have hitherto asserted respecting the utter lack of principle of the Free State party. Robinson is about the only anti-black-law man nominated, and his nomination is owing only to the skill and prudence which he manifested in conducting the affairs of the late war, for which he is certainly entitled to great credit.

One word in reference to our peace settlement. I have before informed you that much dissatisfaction existed respecting the terms of amity. This has been somewhat increased by the subsequent arrest of several persons connected with the rescue, and the end is not yet. One of the rescuers, a Mr. Abbot, from Massachusetts, goes armed, and declares that he will not submit to an arrest. What the consequences will be, if an attempt is made, I know not. Smith and Tappan, two of those arrested, have been examined before a Lecompton Justice and committed for trial, they refusing to give bail or to make any defence whatever. Their object is to have the legality of the laws tested by the Supreme Court. Many persons blame them for consenting to this arrest, but my opinion is that it is a proper way of continuing the agitation of the "vexed question." I do not see any compromise on their part, although many profess to see quite a violation of principle. They are now visiting Lawrence on parole, their jailor either having great confidence in their honesty or else being desirous of getting rid of the "troublesome fellows."

You have learned ere this, probably, that a mob of over two hundred men assembled at Leavenworth, on last Saturday week, the day of election for delegates to the nominating Convention, and drove the Free State voters from the polls, threatening death to all who should attempt to reöpen the polls. The voters, being unarmed, were obliged to submit, and the election was prevented. So our masters have not entirely forsaken us!

Since the war was over, meetings have been held by the people of Lawrence, and Hugh Cameron's and Dr. Wood's lots declared open to the public. This gives about 300 lots to all who signed their names as favourable to the movement. Dr. Wood is the man about whom I have often written as the principal pro-slavery bully of the place. It is quite generally supposed that he has no title to these lots, but, last Summer, when a movement was made to jump them, he threatened so much that cautious people judged it best to desist from the movement for awhile. Now these same persons are in favour of examining into the tenure by which he holds this property, believing that the lion's claws have been extracted by the late war. He was stoned in the street, the first day on which he came to town from the enemy's encampment, where he had been safely housed during the war.

The remains of Barber were reinterred last Sunday, and a grand military funeral was held in honour of the deceased. Orations were read by Lane and Robinson, and, after appropriate religious exercises, a military procession, accompanied by a band playing, in mournful notes, the funeral dirge, escorted the body to the cemetery, two miles distant. It was a solemn and affecting scene.

The weather is now extremely cold. I am sitting with my feet upon the hearth of a stove nearly red-hot, and yet the ink freezes in my pen before I have completed a sentence. The thermometer was 12° below zero this morning, and Kansas river is now being crossed on the ice.

Yours respectfully, C. Stearns.

A Munificent Gift.—On Christmas morning, the gentlemen connected with the Arch street Presbyterian church presented to their pastor, the Rev. Charles Wadsworth, a purse containing Five Hundred Dollars in gold, as a testimony of their high personal regard for him, and their unwavering confidence in his ministry among them. The compliment does as much honour to the congregation as it does to the recipient of the valuable gift. It proves that they estimate and partake of the enlarged and liberal spirit of their pastor, which, like the Christianity he preaches, comprehends the family of man within the scope of its benevolence.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

[This Wadsworth is one of the most unscrupulous and unblushing apologists for slavery in all the land. He believes and preaches that, for the sake of preserving the American Union, it is right to hold the slaves in bondage, and that the North should catch and return to their masters all the fugitives who cross Mason and Dixon's line. The pro-slavery merchants of Philadelphia may well pay the man who baptizes their villany in the name of Christ. As for *The Ledger*, we suppose it does not regard the coloured people as any part "the family of man," and therefore its compliment to Mr. Wadsworth is perfectly consistent with its general course.—*Eds. Standard.*]

Summary.

Hon. Edward Everett has become connected with the *North American Review.*

We gave currency last week to the rumour about the authorship of "Caste." We have since learned from "the best authority" that Mrs. Pike of this city is *not* the author of "Caste."—*Calais (Me.) Advertiser.*

The Coloured People of California.—At a recent convention of coloured men held at Sacramento, the total coloured population of California was estimated at 4,815 with an aggregate in wealth of $2,375,000.

Christmas Presents.—The *Boston Post* is responsible for the following: "A friend says he had two—a kiss from his wife and another from his daughter. The first he valued for its rarity, and the second for its disinterestedness, being given for a bracelet."

A Prudent Lady.—A woman advertising for a husband, wants him to be not only "strictly religious," but of "good character." We suppose the lady has discovered that the first of these qualifications does not *necessarily* embrace the other.

Very Dry Doctrine.—On board the Cunard steamers, divine service is read every Sunday morning. A passenger, one Sunday, asked one of the crew, "Are you obliged to attend public worship?" "Not exactly *obleged*, sir," replied Jack, "but we would lose our grog if we did n't."

A Good Place for Clergymen.—*The Nevada* (Cal.) *Journal*, received by the last steamer, says: "It is computed that there has been paid for the support of churches and ministers in this city during the last year the liberal sum of $35,000."

A Slight Misunderstanding.—A pious minister, after lecturing a Sunday-school class in a most edifying manner, proposed to close the exercises by singing "Jordan"; meaning the hymn "On Jordan's stormy banks I stand." The worthy man was horrified by hearing the whole school immediately strike up, "Jordan am a hard road to travel, I believe."

Hon. E. R. Hoar gave the following toast at the Plymouth celebration: "*The Rock of Plymouth*—To the *tyrant*, the *trimmer*, the *timeserver*, a stone of stumbling and a rock of offence; but to him who will build thereon in the love of liberty and faith in God, a *foundation*, broad and strong enough to sustain the fabric of an empire, and to uphold the pillars of the firmament."

The preface to a recent Southern work contains this alarming sentence: "If critics censure me unjustly or intemperately, *I will fight them;* but I hope to find them, as well as you, dear public, very kind friends of a loving author." In reviewing this work, the editor of the *Criterion* states: *first*, that he weighs 180 pounds; and *secondly*, that if the author can fight no better than he writes, he may as well stay at home.

A Negro Running for Office.—The London (C. W.) *Free Press* says that Peter Sasand, a coloured knight of the strop, in Berlin, is in the field as a candidate for municipal honours. He feels confident of success, and, in his address to the electors, declares that he finds them "men glowing with generosity, liberality and humanity."

Emancipation in St. Louis.—The Legislature of Missouri at its late session passed a law prohibiting Emancipation. The St. Louis *Republican* states that within two weeks past, fifteen or twenty citizens of that city have had acts of emancipation recorded in favour of slaves; seizing the opportunity to do this act of justice before the new law goes into operation.

Brevity in Exhorting.—A distinguished city pastor said to a young member of his flock:

"Brother ——, we are always pleased to hear you speak in the prayer meetings, and we hope you will continue to do so; but I would advise you to be as brief as possible, and if the brethren think you are *too brief* they will tell you of it."

This was spoken in love, and had the desired effect.—*Charleston Mercury.*

The Queen of England for the Maine Law.—*The Prohibitionist* has received a copy of an order in council, dated at the Court of Windsor Castle, November 21st. 1855, in which her Majesty gives her official sanction to the prohibitive law of the Province of New Brunswick. She directs the Governor or Commander-in-Chief, and all the persons whom it may concern to be governed thereby accordingly. The law alluded to is similar to our law against the traffic, and took effect, January 1st.

First Developments of Leaf Year.—A party of twenty-two *ladies* and gentlemen from Rockville, Conn., visited this city on Friday, in the capacity of a sleighing party, dining and taking supper at the Massasoit House, and visiting the Armory and other of the prominent features of Springfield. The ladies acted as escorts for the gentlemen, ordering the meals, paying the bills and furnishing the comforts of the trip generally. We shall hope to record many fruits of this leap year gallantry among our matrimonial announcements before the year is over.—*Springfield (Mass.) Republican, Jan. 5.*

Emigration Southward.—A large party of persons are about to remove from Boston to Georgia, where they have purchased a fine tract of land which includes a good water power, ready for immediate use. They propose to build a manufacturing town, which shall soon become a city; and carrying with them, as they will, New England energy, ingenuity, and aptitude for thrift, they can hardly fail short of full success. They propose to take out quite a number of new and practical working machines, and at once establish manufactories and trade as well as agriculture.

Enfranchising the Women.—A number of applications having been made to the Home Secretary from different districts as to whether females were entitled to vote at the election about to take place under the Metropolis Local Management Act, Sir G. Grey submitted the point to the Attorney and Solicitor General, and those functionaries decided in favour of the women, and all female rate payers will now be entitled to vote at this election. It is considered a moot point whether a female is not equally eligible to be elected on a vestry.—*London Paper.*

Sale of Slavas in Maryland.—The following slaves belonging to the estate of the late Samuel Kinnamon, all slaves for life, but not to go out of the State of Maryland, were sold last Friday: Woman Eliza, 33 years old, $587 50; man Jim Green, aged 30 years, $870; George Washington, aged 23 years, $1,000—purchased by Mr. Albert T. Emory. Woman Kitty, 30 years old, and child 4 months old, $830; Julia, aged 4 years, $30; boy Robert, aged 5 years, $225; Tom (very much afflicted), aged 8 years, $5—purchased by Mr. Walter D. Hardcastle. Bill, aged 13 years, $685—purchased by Mrs. Ann Jones.—*Centreville Times.*

Socialist Movements.—Besides the new associative enterprise progressing in Texas under the lead of M. Considerant, the Community of Hopedale, or the "Republic of Practical Christians," as they term themselves, contemplate the establishment of a large association in the West, having already selected a suitable location. The Nauvoo Icarians have also purchased 4,000 acres of land in Iowa, and the colony of Icarians already on the spot are reported to be in a thriving condition. The Icarians intend, if possible, to gain possession of 100,000 acres in Iowa, and eventually remove their whole establishment thither.

A Practical Sermon.—A few Sundays since, a certain highly popular and talented clergyman of the Methodist Church, read to his congregation the 2d chapter of Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians, the 19th verse of which is as follows:

"Now, therefore, ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints and of the household of God."

After reading this verse, he deliberately raised his eyes to the congregation, and remarked, "My dear hearers—*St. Paul was not a Know-Nothing!*" and without another word of comment, went on with his reading. The reverend gentleman, though opposed to making political remarks in the pulpit, could not let slip so favourable an opportunity of "defining" St. Paul's position on Hindooism.—*New Haven Register.*

Negro Schools Vetoed.—Mayor English, of Sacramento, has vetoed an act passed by the Common Council of that city providing for the establishment of free schools for negro children. He says:

"Whilst I fully admit the necessity of educating the youthful portion of our population, in order to qualify them for the duties of life, and to prevent them from becoming hereafter a burden upon the community, I cannot overlook the fact that the appropriation of any portion of the taxes levied upon them, to the education of coloured children, would be particularly obnoxious to those of our citizens who have emigrated from Southern States."

The *Pacific* says: "We can but regard this as a pusillanimous act, and trust that the council of the city will pass their ordinance over the veto."

Tobacco Chewing.—*The Western Christian Advocate* says that at the opening of a new Episcopal Church in Davenport, Iowa, the following notice was given. "N. B. The chewers of tobacco are earnestly requested to avoid the use of the article in the church, or else spit in your hats."

It appears to us incredible that in a civilized country, such a notice should be given, but a correspondent writing from the extreme South-west informs us that the Rev. Dr. S——e of the Presbyterian church, always carries with him a walking stick of reed, fitted with a head that is easily taken off and put on. He is constantly chewing tobacco, and whenever he is in a church or a house where the spittoon is not at hand, he removes the head of his cane and spits in it. The cane will hold a quart or more, and is cleansed by his servant two or three times a day. Decidedly, this is a better contrivance than the abuse of a hat.—*Harper's Magazine.*

The Lemmon Slave Case.—In compliance with the joint resolution adopted by the General Assembly in 1853, the Governor has appointed Andrew Stevenson, Esq., the Associate Counsel with the Attorney-General to prosecute before the Supreme Court of the State of New York the appeal taken from the decision of a Judge in that State by which Jonathan Lemmon, a citizen of Virginia, was deprived of his slaves.

It is understood that the Governor of New York, under a resolution of the Legislature of that State has appointed the Hon. E. D. Culver and Joseph Blunt, Associates, with Hon. Ogden Hoffman, Attorney-General of New York, to manage the case on behalf of the appellees.

The case is a reserved case in the Court, and will be ready for argument at its term which will commence on the first of January.

Mr. Stevenson, it is understood, has accepted the appointment.—*Richmond Enquirer.*

A New Course of Sermons.—Some one, who feels the need of being "up with the times," writes to the Philadelphia *Christian Chronicle* as follows:

"We have had 'The Women of the Bible,' 'The Daughters of the Bible,' and many other things in that line; and now we are having from one of the pulpits in New York 'The Mothers of the Bible,' with the usual varieties. Please announce through your valuable columns, that I propose commencing a course of sermons on 'The *Men* of the Bible!' among the subjects of which will be the following:

Adam, the Grandfather of all.
Noah, the First Sea Captain.
Esau, the Man with *the Heavy* Beard.
Absalom, the Fast *Young* Man.
Nebuchadnezzar, the First Pure Vegetarian.
Felix, the Free-Lover, &c., &c."

Death of Mr. Gibbons.—At a meeting of the Sophomore Class of Harvard College, called on Tuesday the 18th ult., in consequence of the death of their classmate, William Gibbons, of New York, the following resolutions were adopted:

"Resolved, That since it has pleased God to take from us a classmate; one whom we loved and respected as a noble and upright man, we cannot but join in expressing our deep sorrow at so mournful an occurrence.

"Resolved, That during the short time he was with us, we learned to look upon him as the most promising of our number, and that by his death the University has lost one of its most faithful students, our class its most brilliant ornament, and we, his associates, a sincere friend.

"Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with his family in their great affliction, and we trust that our Merciful Father may strengthen them with the consolation which they so much need."

At the same meeting it was resolved that the class wear crape upon the left arm during the remainder of the term.

Murder in New Haven.—A man, named Justus Matthews, was found at the house of Widow Wakeman, in Beaver street, New Haven, with his throat cut; near the body was a small rope, with which it was evident Matthew's wrists had been bound. This Mrs. Wakeman is the prophetess and leader of a small band of Millerites or Perfectionists; and the faithful met as usual in her dwelling, and had a religious meeting, which was kept up nearly all night; and Matthews was found by his son, at 9 o'clock the next morning, with his throat cut from ear to ear, in the front room of the house. He was about 35 years old, a workman in the pistol factory at Whitneyville. It is said that he was murdered in a kind of religious mania, in the idea that he hindered the coming of the Millenium.

The murder created much excitement as the facts became known. The persons arrested have all been considered inoffensive. Jackson, the gray-haired coloured porter at the depot, is among the prisoners. Matthews was shockingly mangled. It is said that he consented to be sacrificed in order to hasten the Millenium. The woman at whose house the deed was done is about 78 years of age. She represented herself as Jesus Christ, and as having the power to raise the dead.

Another of the Sermons—*To the Editor of the N. Y. Tribune.*—Sir: Let me tell you an incident. I know it to be true, for it occurred here in Zanesville. Judge A——, the individual mentioned, is our present member of Congress, and Parson Jones, the old negro preacher (heaven rest his bones!), with his old gray mare and rickety cart, have long since returned to dust. The Judge was present at the delivery of one of his sermons, and was brought in by the speaker by way of illustrating a certain position then and there taken by him:

"My dear friends and brethren," said he "de soul ob de brack man is as dear in de sight ob de Lord as de soul ob de white man. Now, you all see Judge ——, a sittin' dah leanin' on his golden-headed cane; you all know de judge, niggas, and a tery fine man he is, too. Well, now, I'se gwine to make a little comparishment: Suppose de judge, some fine mornin', puts his basket on his arm and goes to market to buy a piece of meat. He soon finds a nice, fat piece of mutton an' goes off with it. Do you s'pose de judge would stop to 'quire wedder dat mutton was ob a white sheep or ob a brack sheep? No, suffin ob de kind; if de mutton was nice an' fat, it would be all de same to de judge; he would not stop to ax wedder de sheep had white wool or brack wool. Well, jis so it is, my frens, wid our Hebenly Master. He does not stop to ax wedder a soul 'longs to a white man or a brack man—wedder his head was kivered wid straight har or kivered wid wool; the only question He would ax will be: 'Is dis a good *soul?*' an' if so, de Massa will say: 'Enter into de joy ob de Lord, an' sit down on de same bench wid de white man; ye's all on a perfect 'quality.'

Yours, A. B."

Zanesville, Ohio, Oct. 1.

One Hundred and Fifty Miles an Hour.—Less than thirty years ago, an eminent natural philosopher demonstrated, as he thought, that it would be absolutely impossible to travel by railroad at any speed that now is considered reasonable. If it were possible to construct machinery powerful enough to travel at the rate of forty miles an hour, the rush of air would, he supposed, be so great as to render it impossible for any living creature to breathe. And yet royal trains now travel with ease in England as much as seventy miles an hour without danger and without inconvenience to passengers. *Will the next twenty-five years produce any material increase of speed in travelling, and if so, what will be the result?*

We see no reason to doubt, that the highest actual speed yet attained may be doubled. A year or two since, when it was talked of as a thing within the reach of ultimate possibility, that a hundred miles an hour should be reached, the idea was ridiculed as absurd. But at the late exhibition of industry at Paris, a locomotive weighing sixty tons was produced, with ten feet driving wheels, the construction of a French house, and said to be capable of attaining a speed of a hundred and fifty miles an hour. Such, indeed, is its construction, as to be safer than ordinary engines at the usual rates, as the centre of gravity is placed lower, so as to be less liable to get off the track. The science of France and Belgium seems now to be applied so successfully to practical purposes, as to bid fair to lead that of the whole world.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Queen Victoria Heterodox.—The High Church party in England are much distressed by rumours implicating the Queen's orthodoxy. Not that she ever slipped the faintest word that might be deemed heterodox by the most ultra Anglican, but the sympathies she expressed with generous liberal humanitarian ideas in general were quite sufficient to throw in the eyes of the Anglican prelacy a sort of cloud around her. She loved the forms of Christianity too little—its practice too well. The *N. Y. Times* says:

"It seems that while the Queen was at her Highland home in Scotland, catching the mountain breeze, and climbing up bank and brae with her bonnie bairns, it was her practice, in the words of the *Court Chronicle*, to honour with her attendance, accompanied by Prince Albert and the rest of the Royal Family, the neighbouring Church of Balmoral. The pastor of this church was Mr. Caird, one of those clergymen who are organically fitted for their high calling by high mental and generously developed emotional faculties; and his sermons, although without the remotest taint of an attack upon existing formal Church rubrics, yet breathed enough of a deep, soul-stirring spirit of practical Christianity to make them obnoxious to all those of his colleagues of lower thought and colder heart. It appears that the Queen took occasion to express, without reserve, her opinion of the practical and beneficial character of Mr. Caird's sermons. As long as this was but a private sentiment, it was passed by; but a mark of public recognition, which has recently been given, has suddenly struck the Church of England, and roused every languid parson in the land,

'Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.'

The Queen has expressed, through Prince Albert, to Mr. Caird, her admiration of his discourses, and commanded the publication of one, in particular, entitled, *The Religion of Common Life.* In this sermon, not a word is uttered about the rubric genuflexion, bowings towards the East, candles, confession, and things of that class, but simply that which Christ commanded, 'to love our neighbours as ourselves.' If this were but enforced, whence would come the cparisoned steeds and splendid mansions, and purple and fine linen of the Established Clergy of the Church of England?"

DIED.

Hopper.—In Philadelphia, on the 8th inst., George A. Hopper, son of Edward and Anna M. Hopper,

Miscellaneous Department.

THE BOOTS.

From The Holly-Tree Inn (Dickens's Christmas Stories).

WHERE had he been in his time? he repeated when I asked him the question. Lord, he had been everywhere! And what had he been? Bless you, he had been everything you could mention a'most.

Seen a good deal? Why, of course he had. I should say so, he could assure me, if I only knew about a twentieth part of what had come in *his* way. Why, it would be easier for him, he expected, to tell what he had n't seen, than what he had. Ah! A deal, it would.

What was the curiousest thing he had seen? Well! He did n't know. He could n't momently name what was the curiousest thing he had seen—unless it was a Unicorn—and he see *him* once, at a Fair. But, supposing a young gentleman not eight year old, was to run away with a fine young woman of seven, might I think *that* a queer start? Certainly. Then that was a start as he himself had had his blessed eyes on—and he had cleaned the shoes they run away in—and they was so little that he could n't get his hand into 'em.

Master Harry Walmers's father, you see, he lived at the Elmses, down away by Shooter's Hill there, six or seven mile from Lunnon. He was a gentleman of spirit, and good looking, and held his head up when he walked, and had what you may call Fire about him. He wrote poetry, and he rode, and he ran, and he cricketed, and he danced, and he acted, and he done it all equally beautiful. He was uncommon proud of Master Harry as was his only child; but he did n't spoil him, neither. He was a gentleman that had a will of his own and a eye of his own, and that would be minded. Consequently, though he made quite a companion of the fine bright boy, and was delighted to see him so fond of reading his fairy books, and was never tired of hearing him say my name is Norval, or hearing him sing his song about Young May Moons is beaming love, and When he as adores thee has left but the name, and that: still he kept the command over the child, and the child *was* a child, and it's to be wished more of 'em was!

How did Boots happen to know all this? Why, through being under-gardener. Of course he could n't be under-gardener, and be always about, in the Summer-time, near the windows on the lawn, a mowing, and sweeping, and weeding, and pruning, and this and that, without getting acquainted with the ways of the family. Even supposing Master Harry had n't come to him one morning early, and said, "Cobbs, how should you spell Norah, if you was asked?" and then begun cutting it in print, all over the fence.

He could n't say he had taken particular notice of children before that; but, really it was pretty to see them two mites a going about the place together, deep in love. And the courage of the boy! Bless your soul, he'd have throwed off his little hat, and tucked up his little sleeves, and gone in at a Lion, he would, if they had happened to meet one and she had been frightened of him. One day he stops, along with her, where Boots was hoeing weeds in the gravel, and says—speaking up, "Cobbs," he says, "I like *you*." "Do you, sir? I'm proud to hear it." "Yes, I do, Cobbs. Why do I like you, do you think, Cobbs?" "Don't know, Master Harry, I am sure." "Because Nora likes you, Cobbs." "Indeed, sir. That's very gratifying." "Gratifying, Cobbs? It's better than millions of the brightest diamonds, to be liked by Norah." "Certainly, sir," "You're going away, ain't you, Cobbs?" "Yes sir." "Would you like another situation, Cobbs?" "Well, sir, I should n't object, if it was a good 'un." "Then, Cobbs," says he, "you shall be our Head Gardener when we are married." And he tucks her, in her little sky-blue mantle, under his arm, and walks away.

Boots could assure me that it was better than a picter, and equal to a play, to see them babies with their long bright curling hair, their sparkling eyes, and their beautiful light tread, a rambling about the garden, deep in love. Boots was of opinion that the birds believed they was birds, and kept up with 'em, singing to please 'em. Sometimes, they would creep under the Tulip-tree, and would sit there with their arms round one another's necks, and their soft cheeks touching, a reading about the Prince, and the Dragon, and the good and bad enchanters, and the king's fair daughter. Sometimes, he would hear them planning about having a house in a forest, keeping bees and a cow, and living entirely on milk and honey. Once, he came upon them by the pond, and heard Master Harry say, "Adorable Norah, kiss me, and say you love me to distraction, or I'll jump in head-foremost." And Boots made no question he would have done it, if she had n't complied. On the whole, Boots said it had a tendency to make him feel as if he was in love himself—only he did n't exactly know who with.

"Cobbs," said Master Harry, one evening, when Cobbs was watering the flowers; "I am going on a visit, this present Midsummer, to my grandmamma's at York."

"Are you indeed, sir? I hope you'll have a pleasant time. I am going into Yorkshire myself, when I leave here."

"Are you going to your grandmamma's, Cobbs?"

"No, sir. I have n't got such a thing."

"Not as a grandmamma, Cobbs?"

"No, sir."

The boy looked on at the watering of the flowers, for a little while, and then said, "I shall be very glad indeed to go, Cobbs—Norah's going."

"You'll be all right then, sir," says Cobbs, "with your beautiful sweetheart by your side."

"Cobbs returned the boy, flushing. "I never let anybody joke about it, when I can prevent them."

"It was n't a joke, sir," says Cobbs with humility, "—was n't so meant."

"I am glad of that, Cobbs, because I like you, you know, and you're going to live with us.—Cobbs!"

"Sir."

"What do you think my grandmamma gives me, when I go down there?"

"I could n't so much as make a guess, sir."

"A Bank of England five-pound note, Cobbs."

"Whew!" says Cobbs, "that's a spanking sum of money, Master Harry."

"A person could do a good deal with such a sum of money as that. Could n't a person, Cobbs?"

"I believe you, sir!"

"Cobbs," said the boy, "I'll tell you a secret. At Norah's house, they have been joking her about me, and pretending to laugh at our being engaged. Pretending to make game of it, Cobbs!"

"Such, sir," said Cobbs, "is the depravity of human natur."

The boy, looking exactly like his father, stood for a few minutes with his glowing face towards the sunset, and then departed with "Good-night, Cobbs. I'm going in."

"If I was to ask Boots how it happened that he was a going to leave that place just at that present time, well, he could n't rightly answer me. He did suppose he might have stayed there till now, if he had been anyways inclined. But, you see, he was younger then and he wanted change. That's what he wanted—change. Mr. Walmers, he said, to him when he give him notice of his intentions to leave, "Cobbs," he says, "have you anything to complain of? I make the inquiry, because if I find that any of my people really has anything to complain of, I wish to make it right if I can." "No, sir," says Cobbs; "thanking you, sir, I find myself as well sitiwated here as I could hope to be anywheres. The truth is, sir, that I'm a going to seek my fortun." "O, indeed, Cobbs?" he says; "I hope you may find it." And Boots could assure me—which he did, touching his hair with his boot-jack, as a salute in the way of his present calling—that he had n't found it yet."

Well, Sir! Boots left the Elmses when his time was up, and Master Harry he went down to the old lady's at York, which old lady would have given that child the teeth out of her head (if she had had any), she was so wrapt up in him. What does that Infant do—for Infant you may call him and be within the mark—but cut away from that old lady's with his Norah, on an expedition to go to Gretna Green and be married!

Sir, Boots was at this identical Holly-Tree Inn (having left it several times since to better himself, but always come back through one thing or another), when, one Summer afternoon, the coach drives up, and out of the coach gets two children. The Guard says to our Governor, "I don't quite make out these little passengers, but the young gentleman's word was, that they was to be brought here." The young gentleman gets out; hands his lady out; gives the Guard something for himself; says to our Governor, "We're to stop here to-night, please. Sitting-room and two bed-rooms will be required. Chops and cherry-pudding for two!" and tucks her, in her little sky-blue mantle, under his arm, and walks into the house much bolder than Brass.

Boots leaves me to judge what the amazement of that establishment was when those two tiny creatures all alone by themselves was marched into the Angel; much more so, when he, who had seen them without their seeing him, gave the Governor his views of the expedition they was upon. "Cobbs," says the Governor, "if this is so, I must set off myself to York and quiet their friends minds. In which case you must keep you eyes upon 'em, and humour 'em, till I come back. But, before I take these measures, Cobbs, I should wish you to find from themselves whether your opinions is correct." "Sir to you," says Cobbs, "that shall be done directly!"

So, Boots goes upstairs to the Angel, and there he finds Master Harry on a e-normous sofa—immense at any time, but looking like the Great Bed of Ware, compared with him—a drying the eyes of Miss Norah with his pocket-hankecher. Their little legs was entirely off the ground, of course, and it really is not possible for Boots to express to me how small them children looked.

"It's Cobbs! It's Cobbs!" cries Master Harry, and comes running to him and catching hold of his hand. Miss Norah comes running to him on t'other side and catching hold of his t'other hand, and they both jump for joy.

"I see you a getting out, sir," says Cobbs. "I thought it was you. I thought I could n't be mistaken in your height and figure. What's the object of your journey, sir? Matrimonial?

"We are going to be married, Cobbs, at Gretna Green," returned the boy. "We have run away on purpose. Norah has been in rather low spirits, Cobbs; but she'll be happy, now we have found you to be our friend."

"Thank you, sir, and thank *you*, miss," says Cobbs, "for your good opinion. *Did* you bring any luggage with you, sir?"

If I will believe Boots when he gave me his word and honour upon it, the lady had got a parasol, a smelling-bottle, a round and a half of cold buttered toast, eight peppermint drops and a hair-brush—seemingly, a doll's. The gentleman had got about half-a-dozen yards of string, a knife, three or four sheets of writing-paper folded up surprisingly small, a orange, and a Chaney mug with his name upon it.

"What may be the exact natur of your plans, sir?" says Cobbs.

"To go on," replied the boy—which the courage of that boy was something wonderful!—"in the morning, and be married to-morrow."

"Just so, sir," says Cobbs. "Would it meet your views, sir, if I was to accompany you?"

When Cobbs said this, they both jumped for joy again, and cried out, "O yes, yes, Cobbs! Yes!"

"Well, sir," says Cobbs. "If you will excuse my having the freedom to give an opinion, what I should recommend would be this. I'm acquainted with a pony, sir, which, put in a pheayton that I could borrow, would take you Mrs. Harry Walmers Junior (myself driving, if you approved), to the end of your journey in a very short space of time. I am not altogether sure, sir, that this pony will be at liberty to-morrow, but even if you had to wait over to-morrow for him, it might be worth your while. As to the small account here, sir, in case you was to find yourself running at all short, that don't signify; because I'm a part proprietor of this inn, and it could stand over."

Boots assures me that when they clapped their hands, and jumped for joy again, and called him "Good Cobbs!" and "Dear Cobbs!" and bent across him to kiss one another in the delight of their confiding hearts, he felt himself the meanest rascal for deceiving 'em, that ever was born.

"Is there anything you want just at present, sir?" says Cobbs, mortally ashamed of himself.

"We should like some cakes after dinner," answered Master Harry, folding his arms, putting out one leg, and looking straight at him, "and two apples—and jam. With dinner we should like to have toast-and-water. But, Norah has always been accustomed to half a glass of currant wine at dessert. And so have I."

"It shall be ordered at the bar, sir," says Cobbs; and away he went.

Boots has the feeling as fresh upon him at this minute of speaking, as he had then, that he would far rather have had it out in half-a-dozen rounds with the Governor, than have combined with him; and that he wished with all his heart there was any impossible place where those two babies could make an impossible marriage, and live impossibly happy ever afterwards. However, as it could n't be, he went into the Governor's plans, and the Governor set off for York in half-an-hour.

The way in which the women of that house—without exception—every one of 'em—married *and* single—took to that boy when they heard the story, Boots considers surprising. It was as much as he could do to keep 'em from dashing into the room and kissing him. They climbed up all sorts of places, at the risk of their lives, to look at him through a pane of glass. They was seven deep at the key-hole. They was out of their minds about him and his bold spirit.

In the evening, Boots wents into the room, to see how the runaway couple was getting on. The gentleman was on the window-seat, supporting the lady in his arms. She had tears upon her face, and was lying, very tired and half asleep, with her head upon his shoulder.

"Mrs. Harry Walmers Junior, fatigued, sir?" says Cobbs.

"Yes, she is tired, Cobbs; but, she is not used to be away from home, and she has been in low spirits again. Cobbs, do you think you could bring a biffin, please?"

"I ask your pardon, sir," says Cobbs. "What was it you?"

"I think a Norfolk biffin would rouse her, Cobbs. She is very fond of them."

Boots withdrew in search of the required restorative, and, when he brought it in, the gentleman handed it to the lady, and fed her with a spoon, and took a little himself. The lady being heavy with sleep, and rather cross, "What should you think, sir," says Cobbs, "of a chamber candlestick?" The gentleman approved; the chambermaid went first, up the great staircase; the lady, in her sky-blue mantle, followed, gallantly escorted by the gentleman; the gentleman embraced her at her door and retired to his own apartment, where Boots softly locked him up.

Boots could n't but feel with increased acuteness what a base deceiver he was, when they consulted him at breakfast (they had ordered sweet milk and-water, and toast and currant jelley, overnight), about the pony. It really was as much as he could do, he don't mind confessing to me, to look them two young things in the face, and think what a wicked old father of lies he had grown up to be. Howsomever, he went on a lying like a Trojan, about the pony. He told 'em that it did so unfort'nately happen that the pony was half clipped, you see, and that he could n't be taken out in that state, for fear it should strike to his inside. But, that he'd be finished clipping in the course of the day, and that to-morrow morning at eight o'clock the pheayton would be ready. Boot's view of the whole case, looking back upon it in my room, is, that Mrs. Harry Walmers Junior was beginning to give in. She had n't had her hair curled when she went to bed, and she did n't seem quite up to brushing it herself, and it's getting in her eyes put her out. But, nothing put out Master Harry. He sat behind his breakfast-cup, a tearing away at the jelly, as if he had been his own father.

After breakfast, Boots is inclined to consider that they drawed soldiers—at least, he knows that many such was found in the fire-place, all on horseback. In the course of the morning, Master Harry rang the bell—it was surprising how that there boy did carry on—and said in a sprightly way, "Cobbs, is there any good walks in this neighbourhood?"

"Yes, sir," says Cobbs. "There's Love Lane.

"Get out with you, Cobbs!"—that was that there boy's expression—"you're joking."

"Begging your pardon, sir," says Cobbs, "there really is Love Lane. And a pleasant walk it is, and proud shall I be to show it to yourself and Mrs. Harry Walmers Junior."

"Norah, dear," said Master Harry, "this is curious. We really ought to see Love Lane. Put on your bonnet, my sweetest darling, and we will go there with Cobbs."

Boots leaves me to judge what a Beast he felt himself to be, when that young pair told him, as they all three jogged along together, that they had made up their minds to give him two thousand guineas a year as head gardener, on accounts of his being so true a friend to 'em. Boots could have wished at the moment that the earth would have opened and swallerd him up; he felt so mean, with their beaming eyes a-looking at him, and believing him. Well, sir, he turned the conversation as well as he could, and he took 'em down Love Lane to the water-meadows, and there Master Harry would have drownded himself in half a moment more, a-getting out a water-lily for her—but nothing daunted that boy. Well, sir, they was tired out. All being so new and strange to 'em, they was tired as could be. And they laid down on a bank of daisies, like the children in the wood, leastways meadows, and fell asleep.

Boots don't know—perhaps I do—but never mind, it don't signify either way—why it made a man fit to make a fool of himself, to see them two pretty babies a lying there in the clear still sunny day, not dreaming half so hard when they was asleep as they done when they was awake. But, Lord! when you come to think of yourself, you know, and what a game you have been up to ever since you was in your own cradle, and what a poor sort of a chap you are, and how it's always either Yesterday with you or else To-morrow, and never To day, that's where it is!

Well, sir, they woke up at last, and then one thing was getting pretty clear to Boots: namely, that Mrs. Harry Walmerses Junior's temper was on the move. When Master Harry took her round the waist, she said he "teased her so"; and when he says, "Norah, my young May Moon, your Harry tease you?" she tells him, "Yes; and I want to go home!"

A biled fowl, and baked bread-and-butter pudding, brought Mrs. Walmers up a little; but Boots could have wished, he must privately own to me, to have seen her sensible of the woice of love, and less abandoning of herself to currants. However, Master Harry he kept up, and his noble heart was as fond as ever. Mrs. Walmers turned very sleepy about dusk, and began to cry. Therefore, Mrs. Walmers went off to bed as per yesterday; and Master Harry ditto repeated.

About eleven or twelve at night comes back the Governor in a chaise, along with Mr. Walmers and a elderly lady. Mr. Walmers looks amused and very serious, both at once, and says to our missis, "We are much indebted to you, ma'am, for your kind care of our little children, which we can never sufficiently acknowledge. Pray, ma'am, where is my boy?" Our missis says, "Cobbs has the dear child in charge, sir. Cobbs, show Forty!" Then, he says to Cobbs, "Ah, Cobbs! I am glad to see *you*. I understood you was here!" And Cobbs says, "Yes, sir. Your most obedient, sir."

I may be surprised to hear Boots say it, perhaps; but, Boots assures me that his heart beat like a hammer, going up stairs. "I beg your pardon, sir," says he, while unlocking the door; "I hope you are not angry with Master Harry. For, Master Harry is a fine boy, sir, and will do you credit and honour." And Boots signifies to me, that if the fine boy's father had contradicted him in the daring state of mind in which he then was, he thinks he should have "fetched him a crack," and taken the consequences.

But, Mr. Walmers only says, "No, Cobbs. No, my good fellow. Thank you!" And, the door being opened, goes in.

Boots goes in too, holding the light, and he sees Mr. Walmers go up to the bedside, bend gently down, and kiss the little sleeping face. Then, he stands looking at it for a minute, looking wonderfully like it (they do say he ran away with Mrs. Walmers); and then he gently shakes the little shoulder.

"Harry, my dear boy! Harry!"

Master Harry starts up and looks at him. Looks at Cobbs too. Such is the honour of that mite, that he looks at Cobbs, to see whether he has brought him into trouble.

"I am not angry, my child. I only want you to dress yourself and come home."

"Yes, Pa."

Master Harry dresses himself quickly. His breast begins to swell when he has nearly finished, and it swells more and more as he stands at last, a-looking at his father; his father standing a-looking at him, the quiet image of him.

"Please may I"—the spirit of that little creatur, and the way he kept his rising tears down!—"Please, dear Pa—may I—kiss Norah, before I go?"

"You may, my child."

So, he takes Master Harry in his hand, and Boots leads the way with the candle, and they come to that other bedroom: where the elderly lady is seated by the bed, and poor little Mrs. Harry Walmers Junior is fast asleep. There, the father lifts the child up to the pillow, and he lays his little face down for an instant by the little warm face of poor unconscious little Mrs. Harry Walmers Junior, and gently draws it to him—a sight so touching to the chambermaids who are peeping through the door, that one of them calls out "It's a shame to part 'em!" But this chambermaid was always, as Boots informs me, a soft-hearted one. Not that there was any harm in that girl. Far from it.

Finally, Boots says, that's all about it. Mr. Walmers drove away in the chaise, having hold of Master Harry's hand. The elderly lady and Mrs. Harry Walmers Junior that was never to be (she married a Captain, long afterwards, and died in India) went off next day. In conclusion, Boots puts it to me whether I hold with him in two opinions; firstly, that there are not many couples on their way to be married who are half as innocent of guile as those two children; secondly, that it would be a jolly good thing for a great many couples on their way to be married if they could only be stopped in time and brought back separately.

YANKEE DOODLE.

THE tune of Yankee Doodle is said to have been composed by Dr. Shackburg, attached to the British army, in 1755, when the troops of the Northern Colonies marched into Albany, preparatory to the attack on the French posts of Niagara and Frontenac. The habiliments of these recruits presented a strange contrast to the orderly appointments of the English soldiery, and the music to which they marched was as antiquated and outré as their uniforms. Shackburg, who possessed some musical knowledge, composed a tune for the new comers, which he told them was one of the most celebrated of those in use by the army. To the great amusement of the British, the provincials accepted the gift, and "Yankee Doodle" became very popular among them.

The tune was not original with Shackburgh, as it has been traced back to the time of Charles I., in England. In the reign of his son we find it an easy accompaniment to a little song on a famous lady of easy virtue of that date, which has been perpetuated as a nursery rhyme—

Lucky Locket lost her pocket,
Kitty Fisher found it;
Nothing in it, nothing in it,
But the binding round it.

A little later we have the first appearance of that redoubtable personage, Yankee Doodle. He seems even at that early stage of his career to have shown the characteristic trait of making the most of himself—

Yankee Doodle came to town
Upon a Kentish pony,
He stuck a feather in his hat,
And called him Macaroni.

It is not impossible, however, that Yankee Doodle may be from Holland. A soug in use among the labourers, who, in the harvest time, migrate from Germany to the Low Countries, where they receive for their work as much buttermilk as they can drink and a tenth of the grain secured by their exertions, has this burden:

Yanker didel, doodel down
Didel, dudel lanter,
Yanke viver, voover vown,
Botermilk and Tauther.

That is, buttermilk and a tenth.

This song our informant has heard repeated by a native of that country, who had often listened to it at harvest time in his youth.

The precise date when

Father and I went down to camp

cannot, we fear, be fixed with accuracy; but, as the tune was sung at Bunker Hill, may be assumed to have been in 1775.

Our copy of the words is from a broadside in a collection of "Songs, Ballads, &c., purchased from a ballad printer and seller in Boston, in 1813," made by Isaiah Thomas. The variations and additional stanzas in the notes are from a version given in Farmer & Moore's Historical Collections of New Hampshire, iii. 157.

THE YANKEE'S RETURN FROM CAMP.

Father and I went down to camp
Along with Captain Gooding,
And there we see the men and boys,
As thick as hasty pudding.

Chorus—Yankee Doodle, keep it up,
Yankee Doodle, dandy,
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be handy.

And there we see a thousand men,
As rich as 'Squire David;
And what they wasted every day,
I wish it could be saved.

The 'lasses they eat every day,
Would keep an house a Winter;
They have as much that, I'll be bound,
They eat it when they're a mind to.

And there we see a swamping gun,
Large as a log of maple,
Upon a deuced little cart,
A load for father's cattle.

And every time they shoot it off,
It takes a horn of powder,
And makes a noise like father's gun,
Only a nation louder.

I went as nigh to one myself,
As Siah's underpinning;
And father went as nigh again;
I thought the deuce was in him.

Cousin Simon grew so bold,
I thought he would have cock'd it;
It scared me so, I shrink'd it off,
And hung by father's pocket.

And Captain Davis had a gun,
He kind of clapt his hand on't,
And stuck a crooked stabbing iron
Upon the little end on't.

And there I see a pumpkin shell
As big as mother's basin;
And every time they touched it off,
They scampered like the nation.

I see a little barrel, too,
The heads were made of leather,
They knock'd upon 't with little clubs,
And called the folks together.

And there was Captain Washington,
And gentlefolks about him,
They say he's grown so tarnal proud,
He will not ride without 'em.

He got him on his meeting clothes,
Upon a slapping stallion,
He set the world along in rows,
In hundreds and in millions,

The flaming ribbons in his hat,
They looked so taring fine, ah,
I wanted pockily to get,
To give to my Jemimah.

I see another snarl of men
A digging graves, they told me,
So tarnal long, so tarnal deep,
They 'tended they should hold me.

It scar'd me so, I hook'd it off,
Nor stop'd as I remember,
Nor turn'd about, till I got home,
Lock'd up in mother's chamber.

—*Duyckincks Cyclopædia of American Literature.*

"CASTE."—The relation of the white and black races in the United States involves questions of the utmost importance to the present and to the future. It is generally discussed in a flippant and heartless style, and whatever side may be espoused, we usually get nothing better than an explosion of shallow prejudice or passion. Yet, so thoroughly interesting and important is this subject, that we should have supposed that a work of fiction, illustrating it in an effective manner, would have been received, not as "CASTE" has been, with comparative indifference, but eagerly and universally. It is a book which takes just, but, at the same time, moderate views of the subject of slavery. It is true that the author brings the matter home to the consciences of Northern men and women, and shows that slavery is protected by the prejudice against colour in the free States; but we do not think that this should diminish the zeal or interest of anti-slavery readers. Have they no spirit to attack this evil South of a geographical line?

It is unnecessary to speak to those who have read it, of the literary merits of this book. When we read it, we found it so absorbing as a story, so just and moderate in its views, and so easy and graceful in its style, that we anticipated and predicted for it a great success in both the free and slave States. It is true we found one fault in the book, the incarceration of Clara Bell, but although this improbable incident left a painful impression, it was by no means strong enough to destroy or even seriously injure the effect of the story.

It is possible that the title may have repelled some readers. It may have been thought to indicate the discussion of some abstract question. Yet we never read a novel written with a purpose, in which that purpose was more thoroughly woven into the narrative. The book is singularly free from didactic writing, or what old-fashioned preachers used to call improvement.

We do not think that anti-slavery presses have given this book its deserts. It is true, they have spoken *well* of it. But, as a consequence of the modern system of indiscriminate notices, adjectives have been exhausted; and readers, of course, are disinclined to buy anything except the works of well-known authors. Young writers have hardly fair play. But for certain circumstances which it is unnecessary to discuss, "Caste" would have had a sale equal to that of "Ida May," which we believe has reached its fifty-third thousand.

From internal evidence, we have the strongest reason for believing that "Ida May" and "Caste" were written by the same person. Though the latter, as the *Courier and Inquirer* said, "bears a masculine name upon the title, yet the petticoat rustles through every page." The style is very similar, though the latter is, perhaps, more highly finished. There is the same minute fidelity of local colouring, which cannot fail to impress the Southern resident or traveller. The glimpses of plantation life in each could only have been written by one who had familiarly known a Southern family. Each individual "darkey" is a study, his air and manner, as well as his dialect, being wonderfully distinct. In these respects the two books agree marvellously. Then the characters bear a strong resemblance. Col. Bell and his wife Clara, in "Caste," are the Col. Ross and the proud beauty, Mabel Wynn, of "Ida May"; Mrs. Avenal in the South and her son Edgar in the North, are the Mrs. Wynn and Walter Varian of the first book. Who the author of "Ida May" may be we cannot say, but we are *certain* that the same person wrote "Caste."

The *Calais Advertiser* learns "from the best authority," that Mrs. Pike, of that town, did not write "Caste"; but is it certain that she wrote "Ida May"? There have been many guesses, but the question was never definitely settled. At any rate, we take the liberty of saying that the author of "Caste" made the greatest possible mistake in not putting distinctly upon the title-page of *her* book—"By the Author of Ida May." This would have secured half a hundred thousand readers at once. People are a little shy of novelties, and keep up their preference for old favourites. But we believe we shall do the reading public a real service by connecting these two books, and by recommending those who have admired the first to take a look at the last, which we are confident is by the same author.—*Boston Atlas.*

FIRST ENGLISH PRINTED BOOKS.

THE first book printed in the English language, the "Recueil of the Histories of Troy," which we have so often noticed, does not bear upon the face of it when and where it was printed. That it was printed by Caxton we can have no doubt, because he says, "I have practised and learned, at my great charge and dispense, to ordain this said book in print." He tells us, too, in the title-page, that the *translation* was finished at Cologne, in September, 1471. That Caxton printed at Cologne we have tolerably clear evidence. There is a most curious book of Natural History, originally written in Latin by Bartholomew Granvill, a Franciscan friar of the fourteenth century, commonly known as Bartholomæus. A translation of this book, which is called "De Proprietatibus Rerum," was printed in England by Wynkyn de Worde, who was the assistant to Caxton in his printing-office at Westminster, and there succeeded to him. In some quaint stanzas which occur in this edition, and which appear to be written either by or in the name of the printer, are these lines, which we copy in the first instance, exactly following the orthography and non-punctuation of the original:

"And also of your charyte call to remembrance
The soule of William Caxton first prynter of this boke
In laten tonge at Coleyn hyself to anaunce
That euery well disposyd man may thereon loke."

That we are asked to call to remembrance the soul of William Caxton it perfectly clear; but how are we to read the subsequent members of the sentence? The most obvious meaning appears to be that William Caxton was the first printer of this book in the Latin tongue; that he printed it at Cologne; and that his object in printing it was to advance or profit himself, in addition to his desire that every well-disposed man might look upon it. But there is another interpretation of these words, which is certainly not a forced one: that William Caxton was the first printer of this, the English book, and that the object of his printing it was to advance himself in the Latin tongue at Cologne. "This book" would appear then to be, this English book, this same book. If a copy of this book, whether in Latin or English, printed at Cologne at so early a period, could be found, the question would be set at rest. There is a Latin edition printed at Cologne, in 1481, by John Koelhoff; and there is an edition in Latin without date or place. The first English edition known is that by Wynkyn de Worde, and that translation was made much earlier than the time of Caxton, by John de Trevisa. Caxton could scarcely have been said to have desired to have advanced himself in the Latin tongue, unless he had translated the book as well as printed it. The mere fact of his superintending workmen who set up the types in Latin would have done little to advance his knowledge of the language. We believe, therefore, that we must receive the obscure lines of Wynkyn de Worde as evidence that Caxton did print at Cologne, and that he undertook the Latin edition of Bartholomæus as a commercial speculation, "himself to advance," or profit.

And, indeed, when we look at the state of England after the return of Edward IV. from his exile—the "great divisions" of which Caxton himself speaks—we may consider that he acted with discretion in conducting his first printing operations in a German city. It must be also borne in mind this was by far the readiest mode to obtain a competent knowledge in the new art. Had he come over to England with types and presses, and even with the most skilful workmen, the probability is that the man of letters who, two or three years before, had little or nothing to do in his attendance upon the Burgundian court, would have ill succeeded in so complicated and difficult a commercial enterprise. Lambinet, a French bibliographical writer, tells us that Melchior de Stamham, wishing to establish a printing-office at Augsburg, engaged a skilful workman of the same town, of the name of Sauerloch. He employed a whole year in making the necessary preparations for his office. He bought five presses, of the materials of which he constructed five other presses. He cast pewter types, and, having spent a large sum, seven hundred and two florins, in establishing his office, began working in 1473. He died before he had completed one book; heart-broken, probably, at the amount of capital he had sunk; for his unfinished book was sold off at a mere trifle, and his office broken up. This statement, which rest upon some ancient testimony, shows us something of the difficulties which had to be encountered by the early printers. They had to do everything for themselves; to construct the materials of their art, types, presses, and every other instrument and appliance. When Caxton began to print at Cologne, he probably had the means of obtaining a set of moulds from some previous printer—what are called strikes from the punches that form the original matrices. The writers upon typography seem to assume the necessity of every one of the old printers cutting his punches anew, and shaping his letters according to his own notions of proportionate beauty. That the great masters of their art, the first inventors, the Italian printers, the Alduses, the Stephenses, pursued this course is perfectly clear. But when printing ceased to be a mystery, about 1462, it is more than probable that those who tried to set up a press, especially in Germany, either bought a few types of the more established printers, or obtained a readier means of casting types than that of cutting new punches—a difficult and expensive operation. Thus we believe the attempts to assign a book without a printer's name to some printer whose types that book resembles, can be little relied upon. Caxton's types are held to be like the type of this printer and the type of that; and it is said that he copied the types, with the objection added that he did not copy the best models. What should have prevented him buying the types from the continent, as every English printer did until the middle of the last century? or at any rate what should have prevented him buying copies of the moulds which other printers were using? The bas-relief upon Thorwaldsen's statue of Guttenberg exhibits the first printer examining a matrix. But all the difficulties in the formation of the first matrix overcome, we may readily see that, at every stage, the art of making fusile types would become easier and simpler, till at length the division of labour should be perfectly applied to type-making, and the mere casting of a letter, as each letter is cast singly, exhibit one of the most rapid and beautiful pieces of handiwork that the arts can show.

But the type obtained, Caxton would still have much to do before his office was furnished. We have seen how Melchior of Augsburg set about getting his presses: "He bought of John Schuesseler five presses, which cost him seventy-three Rhenish florins: he constructed with these materials five other smaller presses. To those who know what a well-adjusted machine the commonest printing-press now in use is, it is not easy at first to conceive what is meant by saying that Melchior bought five presses, and made five other presses out of the materials. The solution is this: in all probability this printer of Augsburg bought five old wine-presses, and, using the screws, cut them down and adapted them to the special purposes for which he designed them. The earliest printing-press was nothing more than a common screw-press—such as a cheese-press, or a napkin-press—with a contrivance for running the *form* of types under the screw after the *form* was inked. It is evident that this mode of obtaining an impression must have been very labourious and very slow. As the screw must have come down upon the types with a dead pull—that is, as the table upon which the types were placed was solid and unyielding—great care must have been required to prevent the pressure being so hard as to injure the face of the letters.

A famous printer, Jodocus Badius Ascensianus, has exhibited his press in the title-page of a book printed by him in 1498. Up to the middle of the last century this rude press was in use in England; although the press of an ingenious Dutch mechanic, Blaew—in which the pressure was rapidly communicated from the screw to the types, and all the parts of the press were yielding so as to produce a sharpe but not a crushing impression—was gradually superseding it. The early printers manufactured their own ink, so that Caxton had to learn the art of ink-making. The ink was applied to the types by balls, or dabbers, such as one of the men hold who is working the press of Badius. Such dabbers were universally used in printing forty years ago. As the ancient weaver was expected to make his own loom, so, even this short time since, the division of labour was so imperfectly applied to printing, that the pressman was expected to make his own balls. A very rude and nasty process this was. The sheepskins, called pelts, prepared in the printing-office, where the wool with which they were stuffed was also carded; and these balls, thus manufactured by a man whose general work was entirely of a different nature, required the expenditure of at least half an hour's labour every day in a very disagreeable operation, by which they were kept soft.

There were many other little niceties in the home construction of the materials for printing which Caxton would necessarily have to learn. But in the earlier stages of an art requiring such nice arrangement, both in the departments of the compositor, or setter-up of the type, and of the pressman, it is quite clear that many things which, by the habit of four centuries, have become familiar and easy in a printing-office, would be exceedingly difficult to be acquired by the first printers. Rapidity of the work was probably out of the question. Accidents must constantly have occurred in wedging up the single letters tightly in pages and sheets; and when one looks at the regularity of the inking of these old books, and the beautiful accuracy with which the line on one side of a page falls on the corresponding line on the other (called by printers "register"), we may be sure that with very imperfect mechanical means an amount of care was taken in working off the sheets, which would appear ludicrous to a modern pressman. The higher operation of a printing-office, which consists in reading the proofs, must have been in the first instance full of embarrassment and difficulty. A scholar was doubtless employed to test the accuracy of the proofs; probably some one who had been previously employed to overlook the labours of the transcribers. Fierce must have been the indignation of such a one during a course of painful experience, when he found one letter presented for another, letters and even syllables and words omitted, letters topsyturvey, and even actual substitutions of one word for another. These are almost unavoidable consequences of the mechanical operation of arrangicg movable types, so entirely different from the work of the transcriber. The corrector of the press would not understand this; and his life would not be a pleasant one. Caxton was no doubt the corrector of his own press; and well for him it was that he brought to his task the patience, industry and good temper which are manifest in his writings.—*Publishers' Circular.*

WANTED, SOME GENERAL INFORMATION.

I AM not about to speak of the ignorance of childhood, which is often bliss; but of the ignorance of middle age, which is nothiog of the sort; and, when I say popular ignorance, I don't mean that of the masses, but that of the higher ranks. I would not trouble people with my want of knowledge upon several puzzling points, if I thought I was a fool, or even below the intellectual average; but I am sure that I am in the same boat—and that a bigger one than Mr. Scott Russell's Leviathan—with others. I am certain that I am but the mouth-piece of thousands of educated persons, when I say that nothing disgusts us more than hearing or reading the loose and familiar treatment of certain mysterious topics. For instance, there is a man who is perpetually writing what he calls his meterological observations to the *Times* newspaper; and, the contempt of that person for the wondrous and intangible, is something revolting. As if the mean temperature was not a sufficiently harassing subject, he has actually an adopted mean temperature of his own. The barometer—an instrument that is never quite disconnected in some minds from the thermometer; so far, at least, as to determine accurately which is which—is with him a barometer (reduced). He has tamed, then, through hunger, most likely—this terrible master of the elements—and I dare say has the state of the weather under his thumb.

I don't like asking questions of scientific people, because they are so unwittingly insulting. If I desire to know the reason, from my friend Jack Savant, of the difference between neap and spring tides, for instance, Savant replies: "Why, we all know how the operation of the tides is influenced by the changes of the moon"—Now, that is just what we don't know—just what, as I sit here, I have no more notion of than I have of what the ecliptic is, or who painted the signs of the zodiac; but that "we all know" of the initiated, makes the "we have n't the least idea" of the rest of us. If a book in a sealed cover, and which could be forwarded to us secretly, should be published, containing explanations of all the unintelligible though familiar terms in the language, it would be bought up by me—by us—like wildfire.

Vaccination and Inoculation, the Binomial Theorem and the Differential Calculus, and the Deccan and the Delta, never appear to me except in company, like the Siamese Twins, and I cannot say that I quite know one from the other. I should like to move for a return of the billions of people who use, or hear used, the words Chiar' Oscuro without knowing what they're talking about, or understanding what is said to them. I should like to be informed privately, whether the bas of bas-relief should be pronounced like the bleat of a sheep (in the French style), or in the same manner as we name a clef in music, or bitter beer; because I hear all three ways adopted. I should like to have a written definition of the word Consols from all the women of England, and nineteen-twentieths of the country gentlemen. I would give a sovereign to know, even by sight, the Public Creditor. It would be a great boon to all of us, if Mr. Macaulay would explain, in a foot-note of the next edition of his collected works, whom or what he means by the Carnatic; most of the gentlemen (with university educations) whom I have consulted upon this point, incline to the opinion, that it is some sort of pestilence or disease, but they are not certain, they say. It is all very well to make jokes on this matter, and take liberties with that; but I very much doubt whether the whole first class in any one year at Oxford could give me an accurate account of the origin and continuance of Leap Year; the whole list of Cambridge Wranglers, on the other hand, would be posed, I believe, if they were asked, upon their honours, if they knew who was the Stagirite? I am not in a position myself to swear positively as to its being a plant, a stone or a man; but I believe it to be something that sticks to the side of sea-caves, and is eaten (by naturalists) with a pin.

I assert most solemnly, on the part of several thousands of my fellow-countrymen in easy circumstances, that I believed (until I saw it stated otherwise in the daily papers) that The O'Connor Don, was a peculiar species of Cossack: I conceived The Chisolm was an animal in the Regent's Park Zoological Gardens, that had been the rage at some byegone time; perhaps before the hippopotamus and the ant-eater. Are you greatly interested in the famous question of the Digamma? So am I, wrapped up in it, indeed, to the exclusion of all other subjects: and, seriously, I would give what I have, as the young waterman so touchingly replied to Dr. Johnson's question about the Argonauts, to know anything of that famous hero, of whom I have heard so much and understand so little.

Again, if there is one person who seems to me to link the past with the present more than another, and whose ident